Collier's

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"Itching Heel"

A Mississippi River story by

ROARK BRADFORD

H. L. [illegible]S

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JUNE 30, 1928

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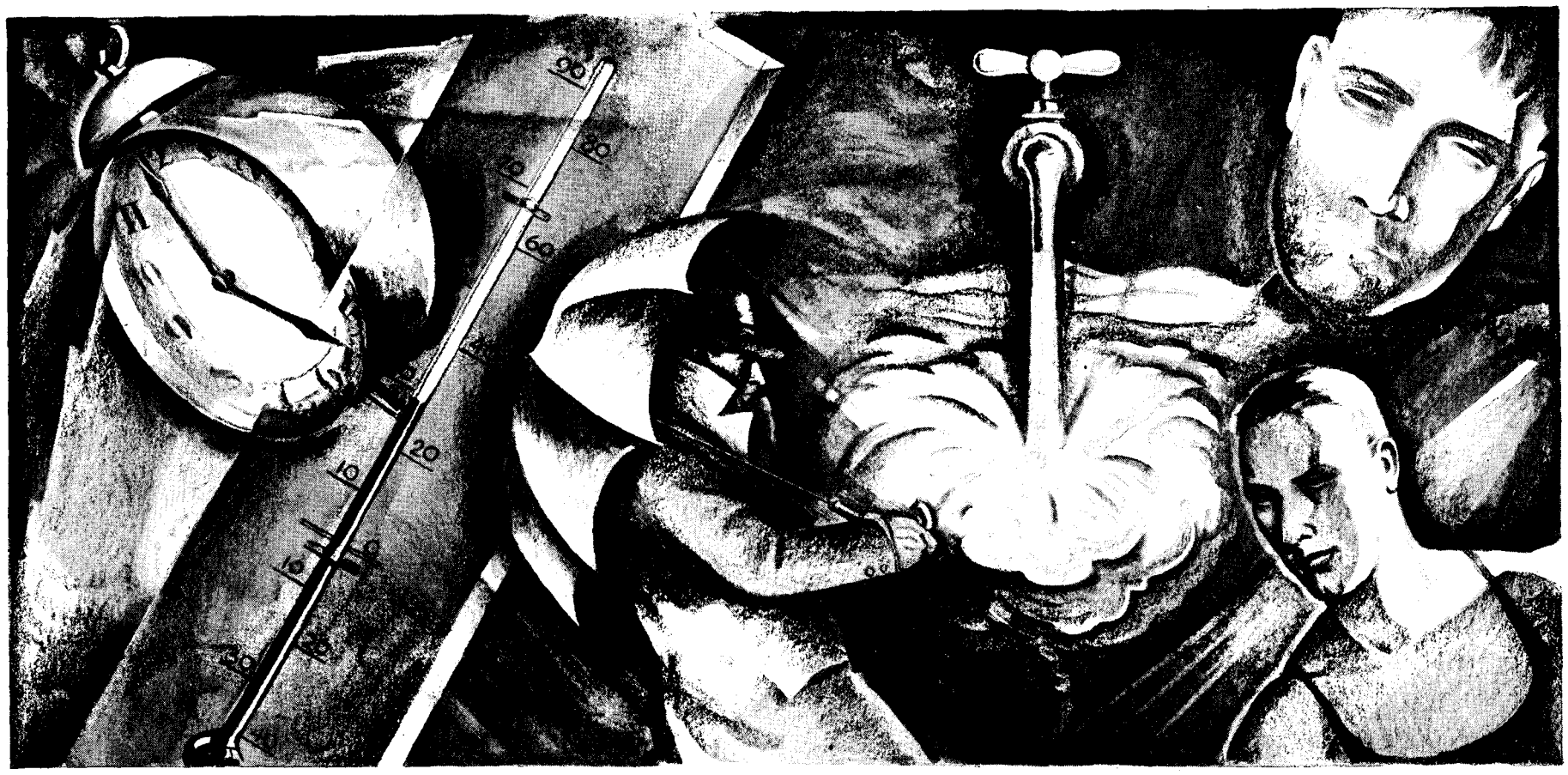

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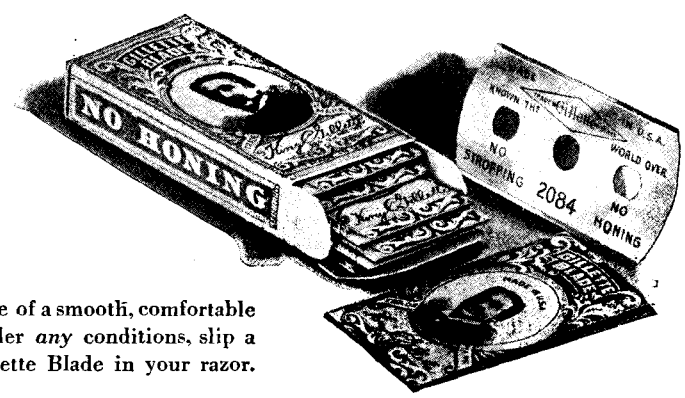

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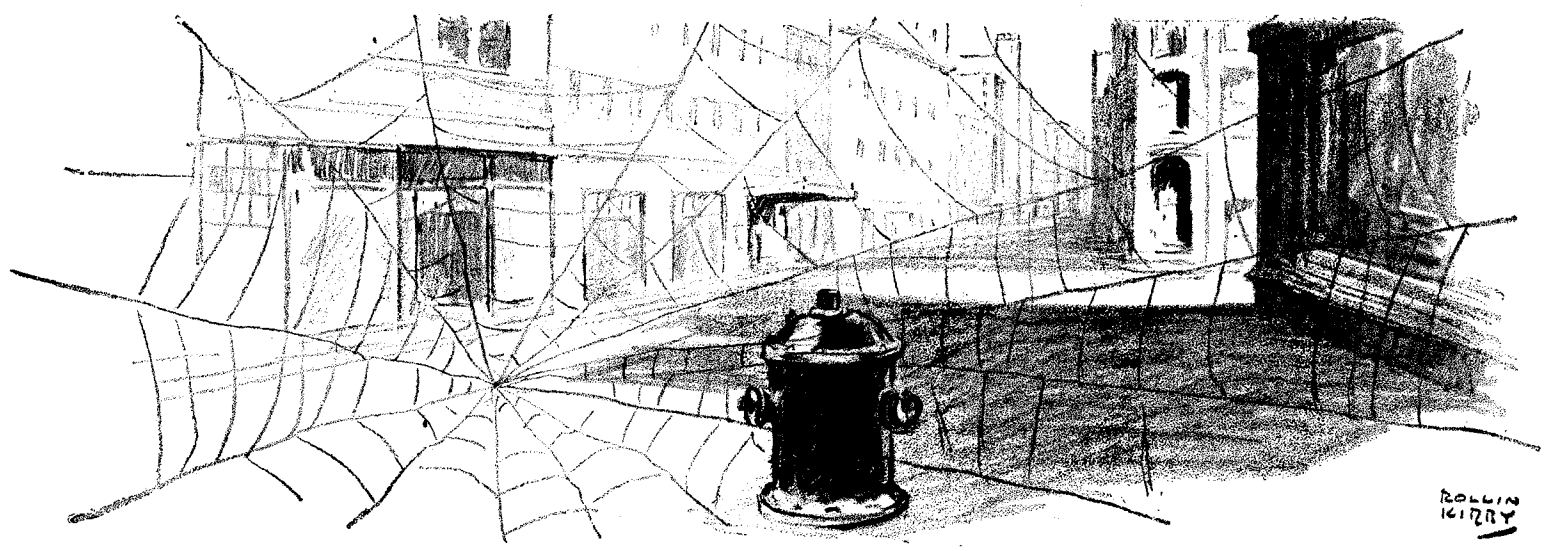

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What is responsible for the summer slump in retail business?

The Van De Veers, who always go to Europe when school closes down? Hardly—there are only a few of them anyway.

If business slackens during the summer months, it is for a reason closer to home than the Van De Veers. Shopping in a crowded store loses its charm as the thermometer climbs into the upper eighties.

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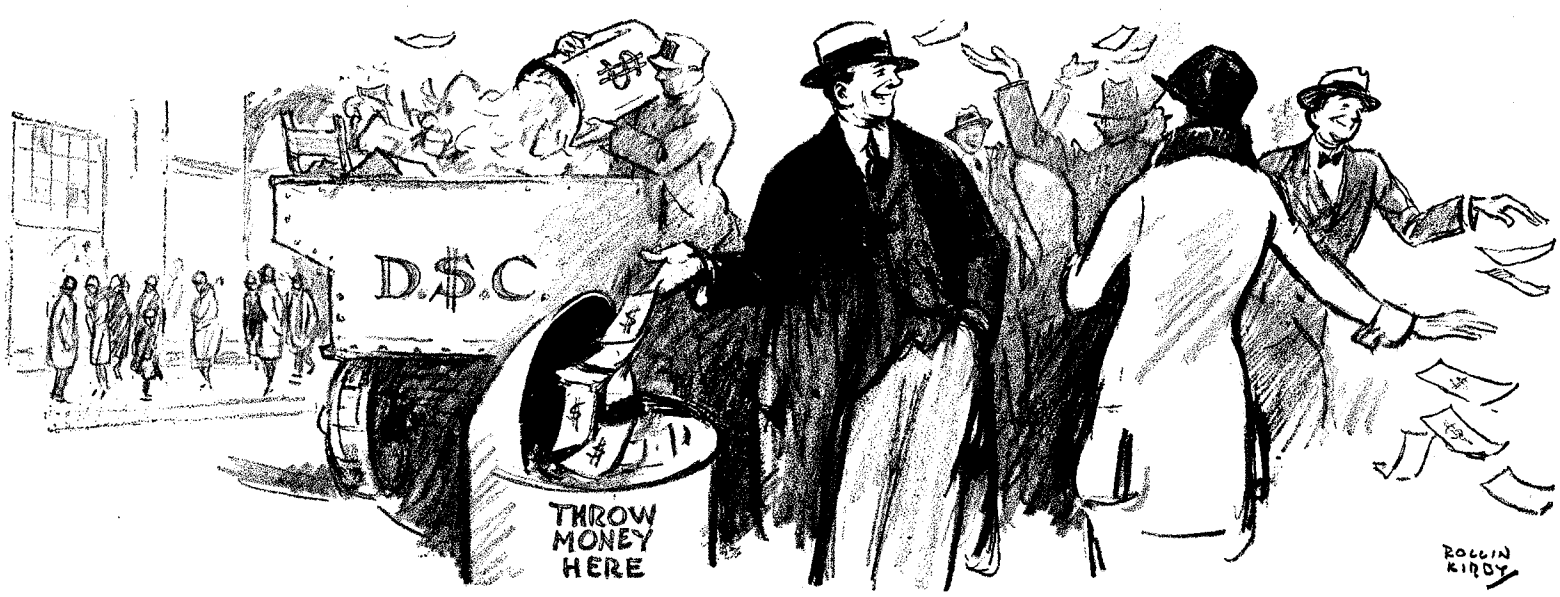

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Touch Pitch

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Can politics defile a woman? Not unless she lacks courage

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

Well-dressed girls and their immaculate escorts are unlikely to notice unimportant-looking politicians, tired and travel-stained

PROBABLY not ten people in the county could tell the real story of how the feud started. But nearly everyone who knew anything about politics at all had some notion of the way it had grown, knew some anecdote of success or rout, some cruel or adroit dealing that had set the Hubbard forces ever more firmly against the crowd that ran the machine and took orders from high places. In twenty years the county committee of the party—which dominated the capitol—had never been completely in the hands of Joe Hubbard, except twice. But more than once he had made it impotent, and always he kept it uneasy.

The bitterness perhaps hardly remembered its own source. It may even have been that Hubbard, rich, dogmatic, paunchy, had grown a little vague about what made his blood first get hot in opposition to anything in which he saw or suspected the hand of Grover Dudley, who represented immense interests but wasn't his own master.

It was certainly irony that the final show-down, the test of greatest strength, between these two men—who had both passed sixty when it came—the test between the skeptical intellectual who was Grover Dudley and the canny man of money who was Hubbard, should have been over a woman. It was a joke on both of them, for it occupied possibly the one field in which neither could be sure of the other's technique. They did not take women seriously. Except, of course, as Joe Hubbard took his lovely daughter Evelyn seriously, and suffered over that curious breakdown two years after her apparently satisfactory marriage. She was at some expensive resort now, lying in the sun, indifferent to everything, including her father's distress; and Hubbard sent her checks and couldn't figure it out.

WOMEN in groups and masses, especially as voters, were written off by both old politicians as being of no importance at all.

If there had been some way to make it known to the casual visitors in the St. Augustine Hotel on that fine, sweet, April night that those groups of unimportant-looking men in the lobby were on the verge of deciding things about the government, they might have gained a second glance. But possibly not. For the St. Augustine had a delightful orchestra and a renowned chef, and there were always well-dressed and interesting people about—girls with wraps slipping purposely from slim, powdered shoulders, men immaculate in black and white for dinner.

In the elevator, with the fat man who wore a baggy, gray suit, there crowded a cocktail party going upstairs to some room for drinks before they dined and danced. Their tulle and brocade and fur crushed the fat man into a corner, and held him there with his felt hat pressed across his chest. It was a careless, laughing party; not quite so young as its manners, but young enough to be gay, poised as its members were on the edge of an evening's enjoyment.

Joe Hubbard, apparently not noticing them any more than they noticed him,

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watched them jealously. Not for himself. He was getting old, and such finely bred, delicately perfumed women as these had always been out of the range even of his desire. But he was jealous because this was the sort of thing that Evelyn should be doing, this was the life she had married into, the kind of time he had wanted her to have. He had denied her nothing. There had been plenty of money, the man she had married had been a clean young fellow—a lightweight perhaps, but that was all right and yet she had flung it all aside after a few years and collapsed in a heap of tangled nerves.

The gates of the elevator closed just as a bell boy ushered in another guest whose luggage he was carrying. Hubbard caught the quick exclamations of recognition and invitation.

"Here's Paula Calderwood! When did you come to town?"

"Why didn't you let us know?"

"She's the big boss."

"You can boss me, Paula. I'm your man."

"Stop off at the ninth floor with us."

"Your convention isn't going to be pulled off until tomorrow."

He heard her clear voice answering:

"Most of it will happen tonight. I'm going to be busy, Tom. Hello, Ray! Angels all of you to ask me—I can't! No, honestly—"

"If you change your mind—"

THE ninth floor was reached and the group in evening clothes got off. Hubbard's glance covered the girl who remained. She was tall and handsome, and she wore the kind of clothes that he vaguely knew were like Evelyn's and therefore costly. This was the woman they talked about, the woman who was the national committeewoman for the state. A job on paper—that was all it was! Her glance crossed his, and he guessed that she knew who he was. Into his eyes came a cold irony bordering on contempt which told her that she might as well go along to the cocktail party, for there was nothing political that she could do, or alter.

In her suite Paula lifted the receiver of the telephone—and rang up Mrs. C. O. Devereux.

"Hello!" she said. "It's Paula Calderwood. Just got here this minute. I couldn't make it before because I had to be at the district meeting. I wanted to come with those 105 votes nailed. Oh, more or less. Come on up. Let's not talk over the telephone." . . .

The telephone rang. "Miss Calderwood?" It was an easy voice, smooth with restraint and control. "This is Grove Dudley talking. How are you?"

"Very well," said Paula, thinking swiftly that he must have been told the moment she entered the hotel.

"Everything up North all right?"

"Yes," said Paula, "it's been an early spring. The roads are soft."

He laughed and dismissed the preamble, seeing that she would fence as long as he did.

"Some of your friends down here have been asking about you. Senator Carle, Charlie Boulter—a few others. They have been having a little discussion about the convention tomorrow, and wanted your opinion on some of the details. My rooms down here are at the disposal of my friends, and I know they'd be grateful if you could come down and talk things over."

"Thanks. I'll come in a few minutes. Mrs. Devereux too?"

Mrs. Devereux had come in and was standing at Paula's elbow. Paula winked at her.

"Just as you like."

Paula held out her hand to the fat, bland lady who looked a placid grandmother, if anything, and who, without being much of a power, had turned a natural talent for gossip into political ways.

"What's up?" she asked. "Tell me all you know."

Mrs. Devereux sat down as if she were about to bring out some knitting.

"We have to be content with what we can pick up," she said, "—the crumbs from the politicians' table. Grove Dudley and Hubbard are at each other's throats as usual."

"I suppose each of them has promised to deliver the state to his favorite Presidential candidate."

"No doubt of it. They say there's going to be a fight on everything. The Dudley crowd intend to get Michelson in as chairman, and if they do of course he'll steam-roller the thing if he can. You know the way he is. He never recognizes any motions from the floor that aren't made by his friends, and rules just as he pleases. But he may have trouble tomorrow."

"THE Dudley people want the delegates instructed, of course."

"For Banks. But that's a blind. Nobody thinks Banks is going to be elected. Hubbard wants to keep them uninstructed. They've moved heaven and earth in this district for the past two months and they've got lines out all over the state."

"We tripped over a few up our way," said Paula.

"How's your district?"

"Jim Blaine and I have it in hand. We've got 105 votes that are going to hold together and be voted as a block, and Jim Blaine is chairman of the delegation and won't do anything without letting me in on it. He can't. He's depending on the woman vote to send him back to the legislature."

"No wonder they call you up from Dudley's room."

"Do you think they'll tell us anything?"

"No," answered Mrs. Devereux cheerfully, "not unless they have to. Do they ever?"

"Well, let's go down and worry them," suggested Paula, reaching for her hat.

"Well, my lady"—in his voice was all his impatience at having to deal with a woman—"well, what do you say?"

In Grover Dudley's suite of rooms nobody seemed worried at all. Senator Carle was there, cordial and courteous. Paula had worked with him for two years before he retired from the actual committee. She admired him. He was competent even if often governed by expediency. He had a clear, able brain. Most of the men in this room were able for that matter. It was small wonder that they usually got what they went after. And the combination tonight was strong. There were six men in the room and they all knew politics.

"Well, Paula, it's good to see you," said Charlie Boulter, holding her hand and drawing her aside with the kind of privilege that long-standing social intimacy allows. "I saw a lot of your friends downstairs tonight. Tom Davis is having a party."

"I met them in the elevator."

"I see the Ned Jocelyns are there."

"Why shouldn't they be?"

"Wasn't Ned a little out of the picture?"

"I heard something happened. What was it?"

"I heard it was a little too much admiration of young Arthur Penrose's wife. You know—the one who was the Hubbard girl."

"I didn't know her."

"No, I suppose not. She's very good-looking. They say it hit her pretty hard. She went to pieces. But he—"

Dudley interrupted.

"Won't you sit over here, Miss Calderwood? It's good of you to come down when I know you must be tired."

Paula liked his courtesy. She felt that he was probably like that with all women.

"We've been trying to prevail upon Mr. Michelson to act as chairman of the convention tomorrow."

Paula looked at Michelson. He smiled, as far as he ever smiled, with a kind of loosening of the grim lines around his mouth. He was a huge man with a powerful and strangely melodious voice.

"Does Mr. Michelson object?" she asked.

"I don't if they're sure they can elect me," answered Michelson.

"Miss Calderwood can do that. She has the votes right in her pocket. You're going to put him over, aren't you, Miss Calderwood?"

"Who else are they putting up?" asked Mrs. Devereux.

"Ben Jacks."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Paula. "That's terrible! He's under indictment, isn't he?"

"That's exactly it," said Senator Carle. "We can surely count on your district backing Mr. Michelson."

Paula hesitated. Then she spoke to Michelson himself.

"You can count on us," she said, "if I can count on Mr. Michelson's recognizing me on the floor of the convention."

SOMEBODY chuckled. Carle looked sharply at Paula, as did Michelson.

"Why, certainly," said Michelson, "at the proper time. Anything in accordance with parliamentary law. Certainly."

"All right. I just wanted it a bargain. I'll wear the same hat, so you'll be sure to know me. Don't steam-roller me!" said Paula.

Charlie Boulter laughed as he salted that story away. After tomorrow night it would be a good one to tell at Michelson's expense in company that would enjoy it. As for Grover Dudley, he had not so much as looked at Paula while she made her terms; but she somehow felt sure that he had her under observation.

A handsome man, courtly, never saying a word too much, making them all come to him. That was his strength. You never knew exactly what you were

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"I don't know yet what I'm going to do tomorrow. But I can't be stampeded, Mr. Hubbard. Not by you or anybody else"

tied up to when you worked with Grover Dudley, thought Paula, except that it would be affairs and people of consequence.

"You're going to try to instruct for Banks?" asked Mrs. Devereux.

"There's a great deal of sentiment for him."

"Certainly, we've got to instruct," said Peter Todd. "If we don't we'll lose those delegates. If Hubbard keeps them uninstructed, he can manhandle them before the national convention. He can bring pressure to bear on a lot of them."

"But instructing for Banks doesn't mean anything, of course. He's just a favorite son," said Paula. "Everybody knows he's not really going to be President."

"Banks can release them when he sees fit," said Michelson shortly.

Senator Carle spoke to Paula:

"We're going to be able to count on your delegation, aren't we?"

"I don't know. We haven't held any caucus."

"You don't have to caucus, do you? Jim Blaine says that it's absolutely your delegation. That they'll do just what you say."

Quick workers!

"Even if they would," said Paula, "I'll have to think it over."

There was a kind of pause, and during it Michelson seemed to decide to go. Todd went with him. Clarke and Charlie Boulter moved toward an adjoining room. Carle and Dudley were left in conference with Paula, with Mrs. Devereux as chaperon.

"We'd like very much to have these delegations work together," said Carle.

"I don't know whether I believe in these instructions," answered Paula. "Banks isn't popular with us up North."

"If you don't instruct, you hand the delegation over to Hubbard. It's his victory."

Paula looked straight into the depths of irony in Grover Dudley's eyes.

"And if we do instruct we hand it over to you?"

"No, indeed. To Mr. Banks," he said.

PAULA sighed. Of course Dudley wouldn't admit it, but without him Banks had no strength. That was why Hubbard was out to fight so hard. If Dudley could use Banks as an instrument of power, it would make the Dudley forces of national importance.

"Do you need the votes of my delegation?"

"No—I don't believe so. We need them for chairman, for Jacks has some friends among those who have promised to vote with us otherwise. No. I think we've a very satisfactory majority. But of course we'd like to have you with us. You're becoming a political force. We want to increase that force, and we can do it. Naturally you want the women recognized, and we can see that they are. Or perhaps that they may not be. I'd be glad to have your assurance that we can count on you."

"I'm afraid I can't give that to you now," said Paula, and stood up as she answered to make it final.

"Well, thank you for coming down."

He held the door for her, and bowed her out, and Mrs. Devereux trotted along. They were a curious pair—the tall, aristocratic, cleverly dressed young woman, and the plump, middle-aged one in a foulard silk with a square pattern all over it; a curious pair to be at large tonight in this hotel which seemed already seething with intrigue. Over the open transoms came the muffled sound of men's voices.

"Don't they all love it!" exclaimed Mrs. Devereux.

"I didn't half an hour ago," said Paula, "but now you couldn't drag me off! It's the mystery and the plots and the counterplots and the silly farce. But there's real drama too."

"He needs your votes," said Mrs. Devereux wisely.

"I wonder if he does."

When Paula got to her own room Jim Blaine was ringing her up. His voice was anxious:

"We'd better go over this thing."

"All right," said Paula, "come on up. Bring anyone you want. Some of the women will be here too."

Charlie Boulter was on the telephone next. "Want to come down and have a dance, Paula?"

"I'm going to have company."

Another ring a little later; this time from Tom Davis. His very voice told her what a good time his party was having downstairs. It had apparently become one of those obsessions which sometimes come over parties to get her to join them.

"Come on. We'll elect you to anything you want."

"Can't. There are some people here."

That was true enough. Very shortly there were more people than chairs.

She was distinctly sorry for Jim Blaine, as the talk went on, and came to no conclusion after nearly an hour. They must have been talking to him in no uncertain terms. There were those, as Paula knew, who could make it very unpleasant for him in the legislature if he didn't play with them tonight. But, then, he couldn't go back to the legislature at all unless his district sent him. Either way he turned he was caught.

"The Dudley line-up is probably going to sweep the convention," Blaine said.

"They're pretty nervous just the same."

ANOTHER voice broke in:

"Anyway, our district can't instruct for Banks. He isn't popular up our way. They don't like him. He's fought the interests of our part of the country, and every newspaper's said so. We can't go back there after we've voted to instruct a delegation for him. And it means instructing the entire state delegation for him; for he has a lot of district delegates already, and the seven at large will give him the state."

That was Helen Jones, who always thought straight from the brain.

"But Banks isn't going to stay in the running," said one man. "He's just going to release those delegates after a couple of votes."

"Not without making some smooth deal."

"When you get down to bedrock it's a question of giving the Dudley crowd the state."

"Isn't that better than giving it to Joe Hubbard?"

"I don't know whether it is or not."

"There isn't a pair of clean hands in the outfit," said Helen Jones hotly.

Mrs. A. D. S. Collins, who always insisted on all her initials and wore a little pin of white enamel in the shape of a ribbon bow on one shoulder, spoke for the first time.

"Touch pitch," she said succinctly, "and be defiled!"

Jim Blaine's tired eyes looked at the middle-aged woman with the firm voice impatiently. These inflexible women, with their prejudices and their edgy morals, made him sick. He was a moral man, and he loved his quiet, faithful wife and paid his bills. He belonged to a church. But politics was different.

"You can't get along in this game without touching pitch," he answered, "as far as that goes."

It crossed Paula's mind that the reason Mrs. Collins was on this delegation at all was that she could go out at any time and gather in 700 strait-laced votes, like her own, that had never consciously touched pitch. You couldn't agree to let those 700 down.

"We'll think it over," she suggested to Jim Blaine quietly, "and you've already called a caucus of the whole delegation at 8:30 in the morning. In the meantime none of us had better make any promises."

"They want it fixed tonight."

"It can't be done. Our delegates aren't all in the hotel, and we couldn't possibly round them up."

"All they ask is your assurance and mine."

(*Continued on page 44*)

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Successful Failures

By ROGER

Illustrated by ROLLIN KIRBY

The nation's graveyard is crowded with the records of companies that have passed into oblivion — and given birth to others

YEARS ago James J. Hill, the great railroad builder, said to Mr. Babson: "The greatest opportunities for legitimate money-making today and throughout your entire lifetime, young man, will be in buying securities of companies that have just been reorganized or, better still, that are in the process of reorganization."

Mr. Babson is one of our leading diagnosticians of business. Here he tells why Mr. Hill's advice is still sound—and how you can follow it intelligently.

SHORTLY after my graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in 1898, I went to St. Paul, Minn., to do some work in connection with the Northern Pacific Railway Company. This road was built soon after the Civil War, and the stock of the company was looked upon in the 80's as a conservative investment. In 1893, however, the road went into receivership, and the present company was the result of reorganization in July, 1896. The stock had fallen to only a few dollars a share, and stockholders who failed to pay an assessment on their holdings at the reorganization were wiped out entirely.

When I went there the common stock was selling around $30 a share. I first talked with different bankers in St. Paul, but they had very little hope for the property. The city was just emerging from the effects of the panic of 1893, when land values in St. Paul and other Western cities crumpled to about 25 per cent of their former prices. Business men were discouraged, and one of the leading merchants told me that Northern Pacific common stock certificates were not worth the paper upon which they were printed.

For years I had heard of James J. Hill, who was the great railroad builder of the Northwest. Before returning to Boston I arranged to meet him. He was a rough-and-ready man with a scraggly beard, a power in Wall Street and one of J. P. Morgan's closest friends. To my statement that the bankers and other prominent citizens of St. Paul did not think much of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, he replied somewhat as follows:

"It isn't much use for me to talk to my friends out here; but as you are a young man from the East, I am going to give you some good advice. Briefly, it is that, as a rule, you should *sell* things when most people want to buy them, and that you should *buy* things when most people want to sell them.

"I have made my millions by buying streaks of rust at bankruptcy sales. Whenever I have bought into a completed property which the public considered a conservative investment I have usually lost money.

Your Chance When the Pinch Comes

"GO BACK to Boston and tell your highbrow New England friends to sell their so-called conservative stocks like Boston & Maine and New Haven, selling around $170 and $200 per share, and buy the stock of one of our transcontinental roads like Union Pacific, Atchison, or Northern Pacific, and grow up with these properties. The greatest opportunities for legitimate money-making today and throughout your entire lifetime, young man, will be in buying securities of companies that have just been reorganized or, better still, that are in the process of reorganization."

In 1897 Union Pacific sold at $22½ per share, Atchison at $9⅛ per share, and Northern Pacific at $11 per share. Since then Union Pacific has sold as high as $219 per share; Atchison has sold as high as $200 per share, while Northern Pacific, about which St. Paul bankers were so pessimistic, within five years from the time of my interview with Mr. Hill, sold, temporarily at least, at $1,000 per share. Since that time Boston & Maine has fallen from $210 to $57½ per share, and New Haven from $255 to $60¾ per share.

"Receivership" has an ominous sound to the average investor. He steers clear of any connection with receivership. "Don't buy into a reorganization," is his motto. Generally speaking, it is a correct one, if applied to the purchase of securities in a company *which is in danger of receivership* but has not yet had it. When, however, a reorganization has developed far enough to give an investor a clear indication of what the new capitalization will be, the amount of the assessment, etc., buying into a reorganization may be an entirely different proposition.

Receiverships are brought about by the inability of a company to obtain credit. Inability to pay current debts is the direct trouble. Various reasons may be given for a company's getting into this unfortunate condition. In most cases they can be summed up broadly in one of two words—"mismanagement" or "overcapitalization." It is not strange, therefore, that receiverships are most likely to develop during, or immediately following, periods of general business depression. This, moreover, is fundamentally the best time to make investments.

I do not mean, of course, that an investor should thoughtlessly put his money into every reorganization—good, bad, or indifferent—that comes along. But many of the most prosperous corporations of today have arisen from the ruins of unfortunate enterprises in the past.

In 1908 twenty-four railroads, representing 8,009 miles of road and having bonds and stocks totaling $596,359,000, passed into receivership. The situation had improved by 1909 when only five roads, having a mileage of 859 and bonds and stocks totaling $78,095,000, went into receivership. Difficulties in the field of transportation again brought matters to a head in 1915, when twelve roads were thrown into receivership, with a total mileage of 20,143 and bonds and stocks totaling $1,070,809,000.

Today only one road of importance is in receivership—the Chicago & Alton. One of the largest receiverships in history, that of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, ended in January this year.

This tendency toward fewer railroad receiverships is due: (1) To the prosperous condition of the country. (2) To the gradual consolidation of roads into large systems having adequate management and banking resources. (3) To the careful scrutiny exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission in matters affecting railroad finance. The juggling of great railroad systems under cover has been largely eliminated by the publicity which now attends the relations between the roads and the commission. Nevertheless it is too much to expect

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W. BABSON

that railroad receiverships are to remain at a minimum. There will be more of them.

The tractions have also provided a fertile field for receiverships. During the last ten years these companies have contended with the difficult conditions of war time, extremely high costs during the post-war years, and growing competition from automobiles and busses. The drastic conditions during and after the war, however, succeeded either in wiping out many of the weaker companies or in causing their complete reorganization; so that, as a whole, the industry has been much stronger since 1920. Higher fares and the abandonment of weak lines have also been factors in improving the situation.

Watch for Your Opportunity

THE culmination of the difficulties for tractions came about 1919, when there were 48 companies in receiverships, involving 3,781 miles of track and with outstanding stocks and bonds totaling over $634,000,000. Recently there were only 13 companies in receiverships, involving 624 miles of track and securities totaling $38,000,000.

Political conditions and competition with automotive transportation are two factors that will continue to cause trouble to traction interests. There will, therefore, be considerable uncertainty attached to the outcome of future traction reorganizations.

There are a number of reasons why reorganizations in their early stages offer unusual bargains for investors. When a receivership occurs many holders of junior securities hurry to dispose of their stocks and bonds and so cause prices of the old securities to fall to exceedingly low levels.

Prices usually continue at these low levels until details of the reorganization are made known. It is at this point that the investor's opportunity occurs, especially if, as frequently happens, all stocks happen to be selling on a liquidated level.

In 1897 Baltimore & Ohio, for instance, could have been bought at 44; Erie at 11½; Norfolk & Western at 9; Reading at 17; and Southern at 7. Compare these prices with those of the present! Yet the same opportunities will come again in connection with industrial if not railroad reorganizations that are ahead of us.

Again, in 1916 and 1917 some wonderful bargains were to be had: Missouri Pacific sold at 20; St. Louis & San Francisco sold at 12; Wabash sold at 7; Pere Marquette sold at 12; and Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific at 16.

Other securities are now on the bargain counter, and many more will be.

It is roughly estimated that at least 80 per cent of all corporations go through a reorganization, and that only about 20 per cent of reorganized companies are involved in a second reorganization.

If these figures are even approximately correct, the logic of the situation is that it is far safer to buy into seasoned companies, that have been readjusted to periods of poor business and to their demonstrated earning power, than it is to buy into companies that have never been readjusted—especially new ones with untried earning power.

Years ago, under less organized conditions in the railroad field, one might have been inclined to take exception to this idea of greater safety in reorganized companies. The Erie Railroad, for example, assigned in 1842, passed into the hands of receivers in 1859 and again in 1875; reorganized without a receivership in 1884, and passed once again into the protecting arms of the court in 1893. This road seemed for a long time to have acquired the "failing habit."

The Reading has a record of three receiverships; the Northern Pacific has had two; the Atchison has had one receivership and one reorganization without a receivership. Several of the minor systems have failed three or four times.

With the exception of a dozen or so of the more important systems, practically all the railroads of the country have, at some time or other, been in default. This is strikingly true of divisional lines and properties that now make up the larger companies both East and West.

Railroad and traction companies were formerly about the only type whose reorganizations were of widespread concern. Lists of important companies in receivership in the period of 1900 to 1915 contain no names of industrial concerns. Since then, however, several large industrial companies have gone through reorganizations affecting the interests of large numbers of investors.

The reorganizations we now are to witness will largely be in connection with industrial companies. There are several reasons for this:

(1) Industrials are more subject to changes in business conditions than are railroads or public utilities.

(2) The issuance of industrial securities is not subject to the approval of federal or state authorities.

(3) Industrial companies—as a rule—have no monopolistic features, and are far more dependent for success upon good management.

The presence of fixed charges and watchful bondholders, moreover, is a condition that industrial managements must reckon with. Concerns with no funded debt can bridge over one or more years of poor earnings merely by omitting dividends. But the concerns with bondholders, ready to foreclose if interest payments stop, must cover fixed charges or go into receivership.

The Risk is Small

IN THE public-utility field a certain amount of funded debt, bearing medium interest rates, is considered all right as a normal proposition. On the other hand, soundly managed industrial concerns try to keep clear of funded debt; and wherever conditions are prosperous enough, wise managements call in their bonds by refunding them with stock. Many companies, however, are apparently unable to do this. For these reasons the amount of outstanding industrial as well as public utility bonds is increasing steadily.

It may be that industrial companies will offer more frequent opportunities for bargains than did the railroads, because of the relatively more stable conditions in the railroad field. Critical discrimination is necessary in this as in any other field of investment.

Remember also that, in order to make money in the stock market with the least amount of risk, the investor should seek to perform a service with his money. Savings banks will pay at least 4 per cent for money deposited with them. The risk one assumes in trusting his funds to such banks is small.

Don't Give Up!

BY REASON of the almost negligible risk, most of what one receives as interest from the bank is merely for the use of the money. If one wishes a greater return than the savings bank will give, he must place his money where the risk is higher. The greater the risk, the larger the return. Securities are priced on this basis. The investor who intelligently assumes risk in connection with a reorganization performs a valuable service and is entitled to a high return.

You must not think that the principles herein outlined apply only to large corporations and investors therein. Small corporations and local concerns in your own city or town pass through similar experiences.

Look about you and inquire into the history of the most profitable companies in your neighborhood. You will find that most of them have had their lean years and dark days. Perhaps the most profitable one of all has been built upon the foundations of one which was defunct. Those concerns now successful which have not been through trouble probably came from very small beginnings, and were born in a cellar or a garret. Struggle makes for strength, and trouble is necessary for the development of character.

Therefore, if your present business, whether large or small, is not going well, do not be discouraged. Remember the advice of James J. Hill, America's greatest railroad builder.

Trouble is our best insurance against more trouble and worse trouble. Therefore, if things seem hard, buckle up your belt, reduce expenses to a minimum, cut down your indebtedness a trifle every month, and give personal attention to your customers—*but don't give up!* Tomorrow may see a turn in the tide which will bring you success.

Until the reorganization details are known, the stocks are usually on the bargain counter

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Beyond Reach

By GRANTLAND RICE

No record is safe these days. But some very tall gentlemen are needed to better the marks set by our old friends Ruth, Cobb, Johnson and Young

Babe Ruth, greatest home-run smasher, with five good years to go — maybe

Wide World

P. & A.

Walter Johnson struck out 3,497 batters in 5,926 innings and with a fast ball

ON AUGUST 21, 1909, a matter of 19 years ago, Ralph Rose—a 6-foot 6-inch giant, who weighed over 250 pounds—tossed the 16-pound shot 51 feet.

It was thought at the time that that record would last forever. All the strong men of the game tossed the shot against Rose's mark for nineteen years without equaling or beating it. Then, in less than a month last spring it was bettered three times. Kuck of the Los Angeles Athletic Club broke that old record twice, and a sturdy German added an inch or two to Kuck's record.

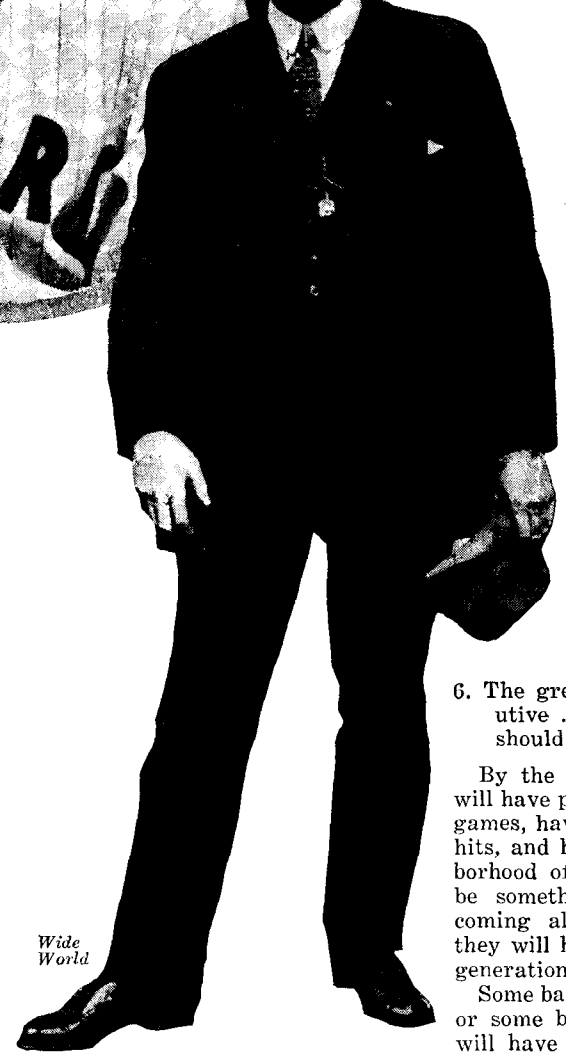
The shot-put record has gone the way of nearly all the others. One by one they have been cracked as time and distance have been improved. Split seconds and split inches have been lopped from them year after year.

"There is no record in sport," a number of critics have remarked recently, "that will not fall in time."

Records That Will Endure

POSSIBLY the critics are right. But I have an idea that there are two records already made and two others now in the making that will stand the test of more generations than one can imagine as time patters along the eternal track.

The first of these was completed by Denton (Cy) Young when he won his 508th major-league game sixteen years ago. There are few pitchers today who can hope even to pitch in 508 major-league games, much less win that number. The great Matty was well over a hundred games back of the mark. Walter Johnson, after twenty years, was nearly a hundred games behind.



Wide World

Cy Young, record holder of games won

Some pitching star of the future will have to average more than 25 victories a year for more than twenty years to pass Cy, the old Paoli Phenom, who is now devoting his spare time to golf.

It takes no eminent statistician to figure the chances any modern pitcher has of winning 25 games a season for more than twenty years.

Cy Young was a big, powerful pitcher with a great fast ball, a wise head, a stout heart and perfect control. In the first big-league game he ever pitched, with the hay still shining under his cap, he beat Chicago 2 to 1 and let that team down with 3 hits. That was around 1890.

He was still pitching winning ball twenty-two years later on.

There is another pitching record that may be hard to equal. This is the major-league shut-out and strike-out record built up by Walter Johnson in 21 years.

In that span of time Walter Johnson, the Coffeyville Express, pitched 113 shut outs and struck out 3,497 batters, using a fast ball almost exclusively for this purpose.

These two records, made by two great pitchers, belong to the defensive side of baseball. There are two more now being built up on the attacking side that are even more remarkable in many ways. They belong to Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth.

Cobb is now in the midst of his final season. Before he is through he will hold more records than any other man in the history of baseball. Here are just a few of them:

1. The greatest number of games.
2. The greatest number of runs.
3. The greatest number of hits.
4. The greatest number of total bases.
5. The greatest number of stolen bases.
6. The greatest number of consecutive .300 seasons, which 1928 should extend to 23.

By the end of this season Cobb will have played in more than 3,000 games, have made more than 4,200 hits, and have scored in the neighborhood of 2,300 runs. That will be something for the marksmen coming along to blaze at. And they will have to blaze for many a generation to beat it.

Some ball player now in the game or some ball player of the future will have to average 200 or more hits a season for more than twenty years to beat Ty's collection. One of the main reasons he decided to play this year was his desire to complete a record that might challenge time.

Another Cobb, of course, might happen along.

But here is a ball player who has combined all the playing elements—speed of foot, and speed of brain, a keen batting eye, amazing durability and stamina, unconquerable determination, and the knack that belongs only to genius.

These are the qualities that account for his phenomenal output. Most of the figures in his completed record will be staggering by the end of September or the first of October when he lays his bat aside for the last time.

The fourth record on the list is the home-run record of Babe Ruth. When the new pennant race opened in April the Blasting Bambino had blown himself to 416 four-baggers. And the great majority of these were hammered out in his last nine years.

600 Home Runs?

IN HIS first five years as a pitcher Ruth nicked only 20 home runs. In his last nine years, as an every-day regular, he has averaged 44 a season.

A physical giant, weighing over 215 pounds, with a great eye and a free, smashing swing, he has hit the ball consistently harder than any other player that ever lived.

He had lifted his mark to over 430 home runs before June. He is confident of at least 460 or 470 by October, and he figures that he has five good seasons left.

If he is able to keep going without accident or injury, he should turn in over 600 home runs before the old war club is retired, and this, gentle reader, should be just about enough to last.

Look over the records of those three giants of the diamond—Johnson, Cobb and Ruth.

You will find them on page 38. It took superlatively great players, players who seldom faltered, years to make them. Look over them. Then give your own answer to the question: Can they be beaten?

Wide World

Ty Cobb holds more records than any other star in baseball history

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The Colonel's Son

A Short Short Story

By EDMUND LEAMY

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

"Sound retreat!" ordered the colonel's son

DECIDEDLY poisonous! That was the consensus of opinion of the officers of B Company after the colonel's son had retired for the night.

"Oh, I don't know," Cecil Fowler —"Tiny" Fowler, who was six feet one in his stocking feet—drew on his pipe. "We can't tell yet. But he ought to be given a chance. After all, he fought in France before coming out here."

"And because of that we who have been foot-slogging it across half of Africa for years are to be expected to put up with his superior ways and be humbly grateful if he condescends to notice us."

A puff of blue tobacco smoke. Another. A deep exhalation. Tiny never lost his temper: "I think he ought to be given a chance. He's not the first man who was transferred here from France and believed he was coming out to a picnic. Besides, he's the Old Man's son." (The "Old Man" was the beloved sobriquet of the colonel who commanded us and whom we had worshiped. Chiefly because he was a "dugout" who was honest and straight and fine.) "What say, Yank?" The last was to me.

"I don't like him," I said honestly.

"Of course you don't. You agree with me," said Jackson.

"I didn't say that quite," I temporized.

"Let's not talk about him tonight," said Tiny. "Give him a chance. He's the light of the Old Man's life. But I think the col's a little disappointed too just now."

"Rot!" said Jackson. "The Old Man thinks he's perfect."

"Then if he does it's up to us to keep up the illusion," Fowler ended the discussion.

Dudley Lawrence, for all his service in France, for all his training, for all his father could do and had done for him, was a buzzard. He was overbearing, insolent, and he never seemed to realize that, even though he had known the ropes in France, Africa—German East Africa and the brand of fighting out there: native troops who could not speak English, and the rest—was a totally different field. He didn't want help or advice or assistance. He knew it all. So gradually we left him alone. And Barke's description of him stood, "Decidedly poisonous."

The hard part was keeping it from the Old Man. "Now, my boy," the colonel would boast pridefully, expanding under a drink—"there's a lad for you! The apple of his mother's eye and the pride of his old father's heart. Some day he'll be a great soldier."

But it couldn't last. By a peculiar quirk of circumstances—or pull, or anything you like—Dudley Lawrence received his captaincy and was made second in command of the company. Both Tiny and I, overnight, were his subordinates. Which is the way of the army and really didn't matter. Until one day Dudley and Tiny and I were ordered out on patrol.

We were to leave at daybreak with one hundred and fifty men and push off into the *gubba* to locate a roving band of Germans and to engage them if possible.

"From information received," said the Old Man before we left, "I have an idea they're nowhere around." He coughed. "But look for 'em. And if you find 'em"—this to Dudley—"it's a feather in your cap, my boy."

We started. We threw out a screen of scouts, fan-shaped, and advanced into the wilderness, single file. Tiny was in charge of the advance guard; Lawrence of the main body; I of the rear.

As the sun rose in the sky and we slogged along the dry and arid trail I drank deeply of my water bottle—breaking a rule that should never be broken in that country. I was fed up. This was a silly stunt. I had heard the orders. We were to march to a tiny village about twenty-five miles away, establish ourselves there, and from there send out reconaissance patrols. Routine work. Deadly monotonous. . . .

WE FORDED a swift-running, deep stream, and drank thirstily—ignoring army orders that all drinking water must be boiled—and carried on.

I must have fallen asleep. Men can, you know, on the march. I was brought back to my senses by the sudden sharp sound of firing—the sound that no man who has ever served in any war will ever forget. And then the staccato voice of Lawrence: "Ed! Ed!"

Suddenly I stumbled on a clearing in a small copse, and men deployed, lying on the ground, bayonets fixed, firing aimlessly.

Crouched behind a tree was Dudley Lawrence, my superior officer.

"Spread your men out on the right flank and wait for orders," he chattered. "The Germans hold all this village!" Under his recently acquired coat of tan his face was white.

"Right-o," I saluted. "Sir."

But it was not my show. Dudley Lawrence was in charge. I sprawled down beside the men and waited too, waited eternally. . . . The sun shone on the small of my back hotly . . . I wondered many things.

"When do we attack, Effendi?" A grizzled sergeant, black as the ace of spades and as white as his skin was dark, was beside me panting, eager.

"When the Effendi Mukuba orders," I said sternly. "In the meantime tell the men to fire only when they see something definite to aim at." I was used to these little brushes.

The bullets were coming across pretty thickly. I crouched down, peeping occasionally across the tall grass. There was a tree in the sunlight. . . . It looked like a tree at home. . . . Why were we lying still? Five minutes passed. Ten.

I crept over to Sergeant Moosa. "Take charge," I said. "I'll be back in a moment."

I made my way to where Lawrence was. With him was Tiny, red of face and angry.

"My orders are: Retreat!" Lawrence was saying stubbornly.

"But, sir—" Tiny protesting ineffectually. "Why? We can wipe 'em out. I can go forward on the left. Ed on the right. You cut 'em off here."

"Retreat!" Lawrence's thin voice rang out. He was trembling! Scared! A bugler appeared.

"Sound retreat," ordered the colonel's son in Kisuahili.

Tiny knocked the bugle from the bugler's hand. "Retreat, hell! Advance!" He picked the bugle up. Shrilly—Tiny was not a bugler—he sounded the charge.

I dashed back to my own men. And with them I went ahead, gloriously ahead. With Tiny on the left flank we wiped the Germans out. Captured three machine guns, a hundred prisoners, and the town. . . .

Then we dug in and counted casualties. Lawrence was gone, the colonel's son. A bullet through his heart. . . . And many brave lads. . . .

"He could have died a worse death," said Fowler to me as the sun sank low in the skies and we sat discussing the day's events.

"Much worse!"

The words didn't come from me.

WE LOOKED up. Colonel Theodore Lawrence, the Old Man, stood behind us. His face was lined and tired. We sprang to our feet.

"I followed you up with reënforcements," he explained. "Heard the firing far off. I wanted to be of help—if I could." Then he paused. "I—I overheard your last remarks. Du—Dudley's—gone."

Gravely Tiny saluted. "We wanted to retire, sir. The odds were against us. But he wouldn't let us. 'Carry on,' he said. So we went in."

"My—son—said—that?"—hesitatingly, doubtingly.

"Yes, sir."

Old eyes clouded. A tear trickled down a wrinkled cheek. "Killed in action," said the Old Man softly, slowly. "The greatest epitaph in the world. His mother never believed he had it in him. But I knew it . . . I knew it. . . ." An old khaki handkerchief to old tired eyes. . . . "He was my son . . . my son. . . ."

Tiny Fowler, who never surrendered to sentiment, felt a tear welling up in his eyes. He looked at the Old Man.

"Yes, sir," he said, "We couldn't hold him back."

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Itching Heel

By ROARK BRADFORD

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

"Must be gittin' ready to do some gambling on pay day," giggled Jo Hanna

THE white folks had Amos down for a worthless, shiftless, undependable nigger. The black folks said "Hmmm" and passed him by. But to himself Amos was a man with a worry on his soul and a run-around on his heel.

Sometimes that worry would be one thing. Sometimes it would be another. But, no matter what it was, it always set his heel to itching.

And when he felt his heel itch he traveled.

The particular worry which sent Amos from his life of comparative indolence in Baton Rouge to Dorlenhorfer's levee camp twelve miles down the river was chocolate brown. Her name was Laura.

Laura was all right. She had not changed during the nearly four weeks that Amos had been "sweetheartin'" her.

But Amos could tell by the way his guitar sounded that something was about to happen. He played tuneless tunes and his big E string popped against the neck of the instrument with a toneless thwack.

"Baby," he suggested, "I hyars hit's a heap er work and good money down in de levee camp."

"Humph!" grunted Laura. "I knows you ain't huntin' work. And I knows I ain't huntin' no levee camp."

Amos thumped away at his guitar for several minutes:

"Blue jump a rabbit and he run him a solid mile.
Seen he couldn't ketch him, so he cried jest like a chile."

"Laura"—after several minutes—"I kin take me a pair er dice and clean me up some money off'm dem levee camp niggers."

"Yeah?" Laura was sarcastic. "And I kin take me a pistol and shoot holes in yo' liver too."

There were women in levee camps. Laura knew it.

Amos thumped away, but the guitar wouldn't act right. The bass strings popped and the trebles whined wistfully. There was good money in a levee camp. And women too:

"Po' boy, and he stood on de road and he cried.
Didn't 'hab no blues; jest can't be satisfied."

When Laura went to the grocery that afternoon Amos took the four dollars she had hid under her mattress, the pistol from under her pillow, and swung his guitar over his shoulder. In a few minutes he was scratching his itching heel on the path that led down the levee toward the construction camp.

Rumors about plenty of work Amos found to be correct. Talk of big money and many women he felt had been exaggerated. But there was plenty of work. The mule feeder—a small mink-eyed man named Reuben—assured him there was.

"Quick as de boss man comes in f'm de dump," he explained, "well, you take and tell him you kin drive mules. He'll put you on de pay roll."

"What do he pay?" Amos asked.

Reuben looked at him in amazement. "What do he pay?" he repeated. "Boy, de man which runs dis camp is name' ole Doll'n-a-Ha'f. And dat's jest what he pays. And he takes a commissary cut out'n dat for boa'd."

AMOS considered. It wasn't much. But it was a living. And he wouldn't have to be listening to Laura's everlasting jealous whinings.

"How's de grub?" he asked.

"De camp grub?"

"Un-hunh."

"Rotten."

It was discouraging. That wasn't so promising.

"Y'all boys ever do any gambling?" he asked.

"Tries to," said Reuben. "Round pay day."

That was better. "You don't look like you's starvin' to death," Amos declared.

Reuben grinned. "I got me a woman," he explained. "Jo Hanna. I an' her. Us got a tent."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Amos found the boss man that night and was put on the pay roll, authorized to eat in the mess tent and to sleep in one of the large gang tents. His job was driving a "wheeler." Which is to say he drove a pair of mules to a two-yard scoop for moving dirt from a pit to the top of the levee embankment. The scoop was geared on a pair of wheels so it could be lowered and loaded, then hoisted clear of the ground and carted to the dump. But the details of the operation did not interest Amos. All he had to do was drive. A loader, expert at the job, attended to the loading. A man who drove three mules fastened his team to the end of the tongue to help snatch the big shovelful of dirt. And a dump man

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Amos has some difficulty with his women

tripped the Johnson bar when the dirt was to be unloaded. All Amos had to do was drive his two mules, Ida and Jack.

"Watch out for them mules, boy," cautioned the boss man. "I can hire all the niggers I want, but mules cost money."

"Gy-y-yup, Ida," called Amos. "Hit de collar, Jack. Got to haul dis dirt befo' de cap'm gits back." He unconsciously had made up a little song about his team. That night after supper he got out his guitar and made the woods about camp ring. The old guitar worked splendidly. He was happy, and so was the guitar.

"Bawn in de country, and I's raised in de town.
I'm a toker-loker shaker f'm my haid on down.
I guess I'm satisfied."

"Yeah, now! Listen *at* him!" It was Jo Hanna. She was sitting on a stump, listening with a dozen or so other men and women to Amos' concert. "Listen at dat crow-colored baboon whup dat box!"

JO HANNAH was not much to look at. She was black and skinny. Her arms and legs were too long; her heels protruded; her mouth was much too large.

"Got no money, and I got no gun.
Got no woman and I don't want none.
I guess I'm satisfied."

A gentle chuckle rippled round the circle, and Jo Hanna laughed out loud. "Hit's a good thing," she declared. "'Cause no woman gonter take up wid likes er you."

Amos felt that the woman was taking his song as a personal thing, so he changed the subject:

"Git along, Ida; tighten up, Jack.
Keep de collar hot to de cap'm come back.
I guess I'm satisfied."

Life in the levee camp just about suited Amos. The work was steady, but it wasn't hard. Just walking along in the cool loose dirt driving his team. The sun was blistering hot, especially when he was in the loading pit. But on top of the embankment the cooling breeze from the river fanned him.

And the food wasn't so terribly bad. It wasn't so very good either, but a boy didn't have to listen to a jealous woman whine all the time he was eating it and spend an hour arguing about what there would be to eat, and when. All he had to listen for was the cook beating upon the old crowbar that had been bent into a triangle and suspended by a leather hame string from the limb of a tree. When that triangle rattled it was dinner time. And everybody went in and ate.

"Pass dem cabbages, boy."

"Shoot de bread at me."

"Yeah, cookie, fill hit up again."

Rough food and rough table manners. But plenty of both for a hungry, hard-working boy.

The first couple of days Ida and Jack worried Amos, but he figured out a way to remedy that. Ida was a trick mule, while her mate was sturdy and honest. Ida dodged when he went to bridle her and ran off into the woods every time Amos gave her a chance. But the most irritating thing she did was to walk a little ahead of Jack, keeping her end of the doubletree slightly forward and thereby gain a slight advantage in leverage. It was not much. Just a little. But she did it all the time, and it threw more than a fair half of the load on Jack.

For two days Amos patiently tried to "cluck up" the sturdy Jack. Then he resorted to strategy. The pair of mules had been mated together so long that Ida knew exactly how far ahead to keep her nose so she could maintain the advantage on the doubletree. So Amos lengthened her traces by three links.

The scheme worked. Ida kept her nose as far ahead as usual, but the longer traces allowed the doubletree to lag back. All day Amos watched it stand squarely balanced across the pole.

"You ain't monkeyin' me now, mule," he chuckled. "Any time you think you's monkeyin' me—well you's monkeyin' yo'self. Hit never was a she jackass which kin monkey me. I don't keer is it a she mule or a she woman. Ain't nobody kin monkey me. Mule *or* woman."

That night he added another verse to his already long song:

"Bawn in de country, and I's raised in town.
I'm a hard-tail skinner f'm my haid on down.
I guess I'm satisfied."

But Ida hadn't been in a levee camp for years just to let the first skinner that floated in get the best of her. Nor were her shoulders and legs covered with jack stripes merely for ornamentation. The very first time the wheeler was loaded the next morning she paid Amos back.

THE wheeler had stopped, and the snatch team was hooked on. The loader held the Johnson bar, and Amos stepped close to the snatch-team driver so he could start his team with the leaders. Ida stood in her tracks as innocently as a dove.

"Git away," signaled the loader, and both drivers whistled softly to their teams. The mules moved forward slowly, and the lip of the shovel bit into the earth, the straining of muscle and the singing of leather, and the wheeler was loaded. It required but a fractional part of a minute. But that was enough for Ida. For as soon as the sudden load bore upon her collar she sat back in her breeching instead of straining forward with the other mules. They not only had to load without her aid, but they had to drag her along while they were doing it.

"You, Ida!" shouted Amos, and he snapped her with the long end of the line.

But when the stinging leather fell across her rump the wheeler was loaded, the Johnson bar in place, and the burden nothing but two yards of loose earth mounted on wheels.

Ida lunged, throwing her 1,200 pounds into the collar and driving the breast yoke into the rumps of the snatch team.

"Boy, whyn't you drive dem mules!" railed the snatch-team skinner.

"How'd I know she was gonter see-saw?" grumbled Amos.

WHILE the teams were being untangled other wheelers drove up behind Amos and waited. The boss man swore at the delay.

"If you can't drive 'em, I got a man that can," he said. "Knock 'em in the collar or turn 'em in the corral. Don't block the dirt rolling."

The talk, reënforced by a few jeers from other drivers, made Amos mad.

"I'm gonter git me a club," he promised, "and I'm gonter knock mo' hell out'n dis ole strumpet den she got in her."

"Nothin' but leather in dis camp," warned the snatch-team driver. "Did you club one er ole Doll'n-a-Haf's buzzard baits, he'd start a nigger funeral befo' you c'd bat yo' eyes."

Amos was disgusted but he was not beaten. He fastened a piece of chain from Ida's doubletree to the axle of the wheeler and then connived with the snatch-team driver. When the loading process started again Ida sat back in her breeching, the same as before, while the other mules dug their hoofs into the ground for the pull.

"You, Ida!" shouted Amos, and he stung her with the line. And Ida lunged again.

She did not drive the breast yoke into the rumps of the leaders that time. When she lunged she threw her whole weight into a solid collar. She scrambled and pawed a minute before she regained her feet. The trick had worked.

"Dat fixed her," laughed Amos. "She loaded hit by she-se'f dat time." And that was what she had done. The snatch team had not been hooked on, and Ida's lunge threw her weight into a collar that was connected directly to the axle of the wheeler by the traces and stay chain.

Amos was tremendously pleased. "Yeah, yeah," he chuckled. "Any time you think you's monkeyin' me, you's jest barkin' up de wrong stump." Outsmarting a smart old levee mule was something to make a boy proud of himself and happy with his job.

But Ida would not have it that way. She tried her loading trick once more, failed and abandoned it. Then she started "spreading" (*Continued on page 42*)

"Bad nigger, huh?" Reuben asked coldly

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The Sagebrush Senator

By CLINTON W. GILBERT

COWPUNCHER JOHN KENDRICK, deathly ill, elected to continue the long trek over fifteen hundred miles of wilderness, driving cattle. "If I die," he told his mates, "it won't be much trouble for you to bury me along the trail." He's been senator from Wyoming since 1916 but he's still a cattle raiser, and his friendliness to the farmer makes him an important figure this year when Vice-Presidential candidates with agrarian influence seem highly desirable.

A great and successful farmer, Senator Kendrick typifies the epic of the settling of the West

Wide World

"IN 1879 we were driving a herd of cattle from Victoria, Tex., on the Gulf of Mexico, out to the Northwest. I was a cowboy then, just turning from a boy to a man. As we went along slowly through Texas—cattle travel fifteen miles a day, and it is several hundred miles from the gulf to the northern border of the state—I became sick, so sick that I could not eat and had to quit my horse and lie in the wagon in which we carried along provisions for the outfit.

"As we drew near the Red River to cross into what was then Indian Territory but is now Oklahoma, the boys came to me and said, 'John, you'd better stay behind here. You can get a doctor here, but when we cross the river there won't be any doctor. And we're afraid you can't stand it, bumping along the trail in that wagon. Stay here and get well, and come on with the next herd that is driven West.'

"The next day the foreman of the gang of cowboys came over to the wagon and said, 'You'd better let us leave you here to get well. The doctor says you won't live if you go on.' And I said, 'I know, the boys talked about it to me yesterday. But I've made up my mind to go on. I think I'll get well, but if I don't it won't be much trouble for you to bury me along the trail.'

"So they let me go on with them across the Red River. In front of us were hundreds of uninhabited miles to Wyoming, where the cattle were to be driven.

"As we rode up the long slope out of the river valley the wagon jolted cruelly on the rough trail. I had an abscess of the intestines, and every jounce hurt. I said to the cook, who was driving, 'Stop and turn the cart a little so that I can look back.' He was so greasy with his job of cooking that, as the boys said, we had to sand him to keep him from slipping off the wagon seat. He stopped the horses, and I propped myself up on my elbows with an effort and took one last look back across the river upon Texas."

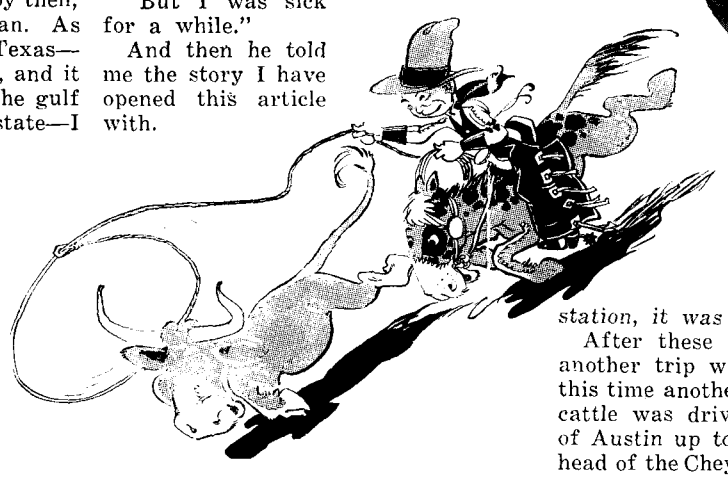
That was the turning point in the life of John B. Kendrick, United States senator from Wyoming.

One might suppose from the way I begin this story that his decision to go jouncing through the wilderness with abscessed intestines was one of the things that he liked to tell about, that it was his favorite personal anecdote. But I got it out of him only by questioning. I had heard that he nearly died on his pioneering trip to Wyoming. So after he had told me about being one of a party of cowboys to drive three or four thousand cattle from the gulf to northern Wyoming, I asked him, "Did you have good health through the trek?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I lived in the open. It's a healthy way to live. We were never under a roof for the five and one-half months that it took to drive the herd from Texas to the Northwest. We didn't even have tents. We slept on the ground under the stars. We rode through sun and rain, through heat and cold. We stood guard upon the cattle by night and drove them by day. We were young and strong and were bound out to the great West where there were millions of acres of grazing land for cattle.

"But I was sick for a while."

And then he told me the story I have opened this article with.



"And how did it turn out?" I asked.

"Eight days after we crossed the Red River I felt so much better that I asked the foreman to let me go on my horse and sit guard over the cattle at night. I wasn't strong enough yet to stand the heat of the day. And after that I never knew what it was to be sick."

Beef from Texas on the Hoof

THEN he added, with the slight apologetic note of one loath to talk about himself, "Of course you and I know that nothing a man does is really important to anybody else, but to me that going on with the herd was the best thing I ever did. That and one other thing were really significant."

And then he told me how when he reached the headwaters of Running Water Creek in Wyoming he had saved five months' wages at $30 a month—all but what the doctors cost him in Texas—and he proceeded to invest it at once in cattle. After that he worked for four and a half years as a cowboy on the range. In those four and a half years he never went to town, but saved his money and bought cattle, always aided by the proprietor of the ranch, as he himself afterward, when he became a great ranch owner, aided many a cowboy to become a cattleman. The nearest town was then 350 miles away. But that was then no great distance in the West. The nearest railroad station where cattle were shipped from the ranch was 250 miles away, or if shipments were to be made by the other station, it was 300 miles away.

After these four and a half years another trip was made to Texas, and this time another herd of 3,000 or 4,000 cattle was driven from a place north of Austin up to Black Thunder, at the head of the Cheyenne River in Wyoming. This time young Kendrick was the foreman of the gang of cowboys and drove some of his own cattle along with those of the rancher who employed him.

"The best beef I ever ate," the senator said, "was on that second trail trip. We had gone without fresh meat for five months and fifteen days. We weren't permitted to kill any of the cattle we were trailing and didn't find any others. Finally we found a man who sold us a fat heifer. I never tasted anything so delicious in all my life.

"The cattle were scary, and we had to watch them day and night. The least little thing might start a stampede—a jack rabbit, or a flash of lightning. One night the stake horse broke loose and stampeded through the herd. But that time the cattle were too tired to run.

"Another night our horses stampeded and ran right over us as we lay under the stars covered with tarpaulins and blankets. Strangely enough, not a man was hurt—the horses jumped clean over us—though the stake horse's neck was broken."

"Oh, Youth, Youth!" as Conrad somewhere says in the story of his which bears that name. Youth and the great open West that is no more! It is hard to visualize the West with little but rough trails across it, made originally by the Indians, with here and there a trading post in the wilderness, and thousands of people working their way over it, carting their scant household goods or driving their herds of cattle before them.

Mr. Kendrick's story is worth telling because soon we shall not be able to hear from the lips of any one of them of a half year's ride through the wilderness, driven by the cattleman's need of new lands and great unfenced, ungrazed spaces, the favorite pasture grounds of the buffalo. He is one of the oldest of the farmers, for when men first began consciously to derive their sustenance from the land, before they tilled it, they drove their herds with them, seeking new grazing grounds.

The Ranch Outranks Washington

WHEN the Civil War ended, the great cattle-raising region was the gulf coast of Texas. Thousands of cattle ranged over that land, but it began to be divided up into small holdings for cultivation, and the cattlemen had to seek new grazing grounds. Beginning in the early seventies, thousands of cattle were driven out of that territory, just as ten or a dozen years later Kendrick drove two great herds into the wild West, first to Kansas and then further on. In 1884, when he made his second trip from Texas to Wyoming, 820,000 cattle were driven from eastern Texas to Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, South Dakota and Nebraska.

He himself has cattle raising in the blood. For two generations his family were cattle raisers in eastern Texas. Left without parents at four years old, brought up among cattle people, he started to become a cowpuncher as soon as he could ride a horse. And he loves cattle raising today as he loves no other occupation in the world. Nothing in public life compensates him for the enforced absence from his ranches and his herds.

He rose from cowboy to foreman, then to ranch superintendent, married the daughter of one of the ranch's owners, and then bought the ranch himself. Today he owns 100,000 acres and leases many more acres of land. From the windows of his house on a hill in Sheridan, Wyo., he looks out over miles of land in Wyoming and Montana where his cattle range. (*Continued on page 48*)

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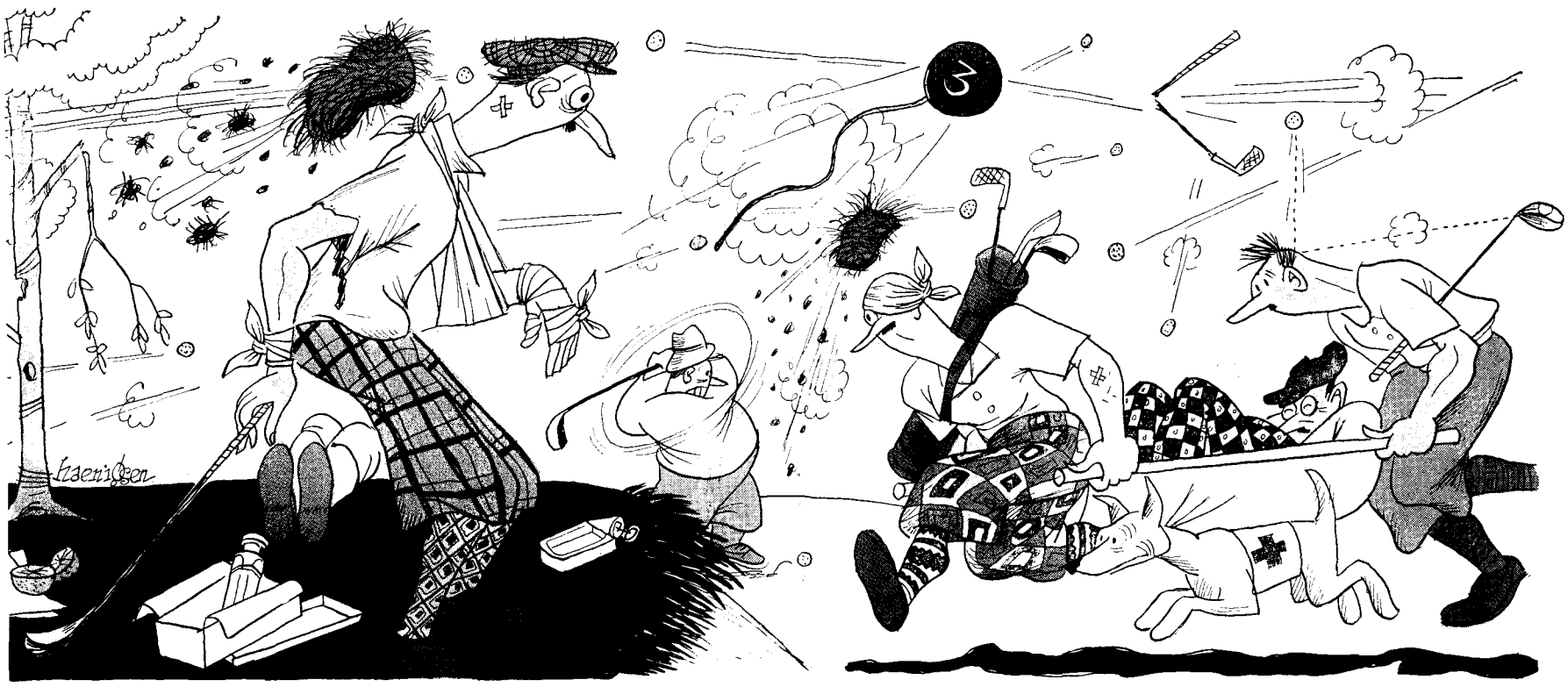

Golf on a public course is like war without Y. M. C. A. huts and the letters from home

Tearing o' the Greens

By H. I. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by HARRY HAENIGSEN

And how can man die better than facing fearful odds, with the mashies whizzing past him and the sky o'ercast with sods? It's a free-for-all in more ways than one when stout players gird for action on the nation's public links.

"YOU like golf, don't you?" asked my friend Emory Mudge, over the telephone.

"Very much," I assured him. "Why?"

"I want you to complete a foursome."

"Great! When?"

"Just as soon as possible. You're hard as nails physically and temperamentally, aren't you?"

"Harder."

"You're difficult to hurt?"

"I think so."

"You don't bleed easily, do you?"

"Not too easily, no."

"And you can get a trench helmet somewhere?"

"Sure," I replied, somewhat puzzled. "But what's the idea? I thought you said we were going to play golf."

"We are," said Mudge, "but it's on a public links."

"Oh," I replied, "I begin to understand. But how about identification disks?"

"I've got one for you. Joe Barnett and Mike Flynn are coming along. We'll drop around and pick you up in half an hour."

"Whither Bound?"

IT PROMISED to be a real treat. Golf on private club courses had begun to pall. After all, golf at such places is merely golf. You can't get anything else out of it. But golf on a public course is something else again. It is adventure, danger, enterprise. It is war without the Y. M. C. A. huts and the letters from home.

"Whither bound?" asked the wife as she beheld my preparations, which included a little shadow boxing.

"To the municipal golf links, my dear."

"Not that!" she cried, blanching. "Surely they haven't reached the married men yet."

"Yes," I said firmly. "The call has come."

"But think of me . . . think of our home!" she implored.

I drew myself up to my full height of five feet three inches.

"I have been summoned to play golf on a municipal links," I said firmly. "Would you have me dodge the issue? Would you have me pointed out as a coward?"

"No," she admitted. "But it seems such an unnecessary sacrifice. You are so young."

It was no time for hysterics.

"Better men than I have risked all on the public links and given the last full measure of devotion there," I said.

"But it is Saturday afternoon. You know what that means on public golf courses."

"I do."

"Promise me you will write," she implored.

"Regularly," I pledged.

"I'll send you some jellies and cigarettes from time to time," she promised.

"That's a good girl."

"And I'll have Aunt Emma knit you some socks and a sweater."

"Good-by."

"Good-by and good luck!"

A distant horn sounded. . . .

There were signs of heavy fighting all along the roads leading to the course. The gullies were littered with broken clubs, fragments of gutta-percha, food remnants, first-aid kits, etc. Here and there lay a poor fellow who had been rash enough to pick up his own golf ball before some other fellow could play it. A stretcher bearer passed with a young duffer who had been struck with a driving iron by a member of a following foursome before he could step off the tee.

We parked our car a mile from the caddie house and got into line. Progress was slow. After a time it was agreed that one of us would hold the place in line while the other three slept.

"Let's Sock 'Em Out!"

AT LAST we got within sight of the first tee and ultimately reached it.

"Drive off," ordered Mudge, as the last member of a foursome ahead drove.

"Without waiting for them to get out of range?" I asked.

"Think of me . . . think of our home!" she implored

"Certainly. If you don't they may get away before we can hit one."

"Am I expected to hit one?"

"That's the object of golf on a public links," explained Mudge. "And it helps your score."

"How so?"

"Every man you hit you take a stroke off."

"Why can't we all drive at once?" asked Eddie Barnett, taking a practice swing and knocking senseless two players directly behind him.

"We can," said Mudge: "It'll save time, and we ought to do more damage that way too."

"Shall we yell, 'Fore!'?" I asked.

"Of course not. Do you want to make it obvious that you aren't used to municipal links?" replied Mudge. "Line up in a row, and let's sock 'em out."

"Fifty cents I can hit the fat feller with the purple hose!" boasted Mike Flynn.

"We'll make a pool," said Mudge. "Whoever drives and misses a player ahead of him pays a quarter to each of us who scores a clean hit."

We all drove off together. Mudge's ball grazed the ear of a young woman looking for her ball in the rough fifteen yards away. Flynn had bad luck and got a long drive straight down the fairway, on which, it being a public-course fairway, there were no players.

My ball struck the fat man on the head and bounced off without seriously injuring him.

"You topped him!" exclaimed Mudge.

Barnett, a bit more careful of his swing, got off the best ball. It smashed an elderly little man between the shoulder blades. We each gave Barnett a quarter.

The little man lay face down but apparently conscious. Mudge hit him with a midiron, knocking him quite stiff.

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"Maybe he's got some clubs I could use," he explained, ransacking the man's golf bag and robbing it of a brassie and two niblicks.

We were suddenly caught in a heavy barrage. Evidently thirty or forty players behind us were shooting at once. We pressed (*Continued on page 46*)

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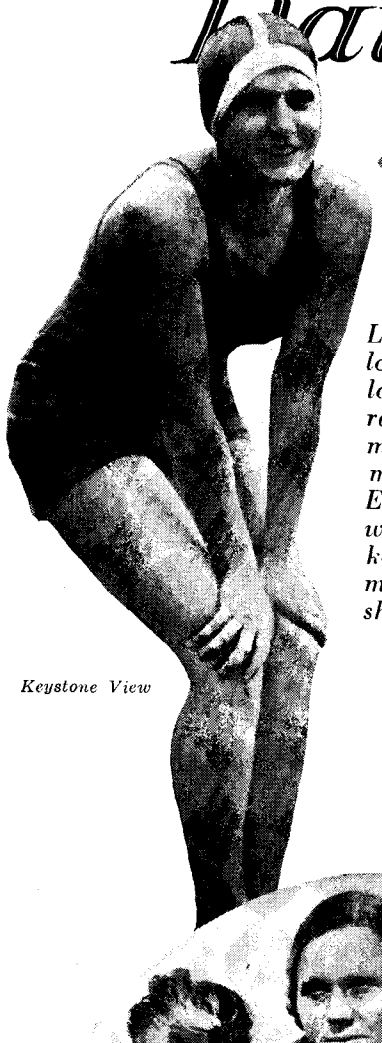
Daughters of the Hickory

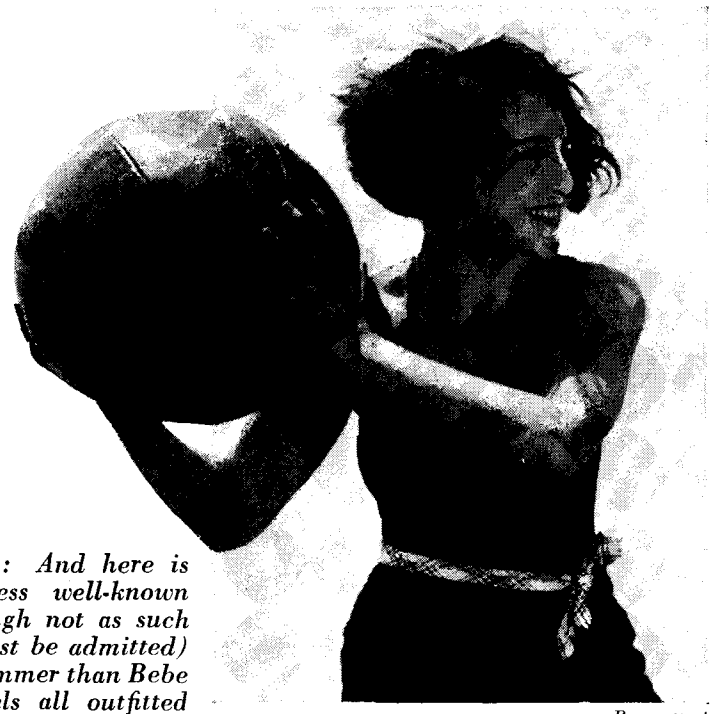


Keystone View

Left: If you're looking for a long-drawn-out race, you might match your swimming against Ethel Hertle's. She was second to Vierkoetter at the 15-mile mark when she quit at Toronto

Below: Mrs. Mille Gade Corson and the kiddies for whom, you must remember, she swam the English Channel

Keystone



Paramount

Right: And here is no less well-known (though not as such it must be admitted) a swimmer than Bebe Daniels all outfitted with a suit and a medicine ball for beach publicity purposes. She's about to toss the burden over to — but wait till you see who's catching

Right: Just another of the bathing girls out to play a timid set of ring-around-a-rosie not too far from shore

Brown Bros.

Swooping down upon us so gracefully is Aileen Riggin, Olympic diving champion, who has accepted Knute Rockne's invitation to act as hostess to his Olympic touring party. And who better?

H. Armstrong Roberts

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Limb

Some young ladies who scurried for the swimming hole before Mother had time to reel off the complete answer. Splash! Splash! Splash! —and some more records went blooie!

Right: At the receiving end of the medicine ball is the noted channel-tripper, Gertrude Ederle. She's all set to stop a fast one from across the page

Paramount

Left: Fotograms. Center and right: Wide World

Below: And who do you think got first place in the 300-meter medley for "senior outdoor women"? Eleanor Holm (center), who's a champion at thirteen. On her right is Capt. Ethel McGary of N. Y. U. The rest of the trio is Agnes Geraghty, breast-stroke champion

One thing about those bathing suits: One didn't have to sacrifice one's wasp waist in the days when modesty reigned on the beaches

Elmendorf, from Ewing Galloway

Right: From one standpoint, of course, these two are not record-breakers. But if they'd include a beauty and charm contest in the Olympics here are our entries

H. Armstrong Roberts

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The Unsmiling Usurper

By GEORGE CREEL

Illustrated by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

William Walker, who once made himself President of Nicaragua, banned smoking, swearing and drinking, yet he shed blood mercilessly. Here's his story—a romance of history colorfully told by Mr. Creel.

With all the old blaze in his eyes the Great Filibuster shook his head

AN INCREDIBLE figure, that William Walker, who waded waist-deep in blood to make himself master of Nicaragua, dreamed a great and shining dream of power and empire, and fell at last only before the combined assault of all Central America, treacherously assisted by the naval forces of Great Britain and the United States.

A wisp of a man, this prince of filibusters—little, beardless and towheaded, his meager frame garbed always in the drab black of a country parson. Remote, ascetic, austere; sternly evangelical in his dislike of drinking, smoking and swearing, but moving to his goals in utter disregard of all laws, human and divine, killing with the ferocity of a tiger!

Lawyer, doctor and journalist, yet turning to warfare with all the confidence and genius of a Hannibal; a man of most repellent manner—no smile ever lighted his bleak face; his speech was chill and formal; his rule arrogant and despotic—yet men followed him to death as though he had bestowed a favor, and not even Bonaparte was more the object of fanatical devotion.

The answer lay in his eyes, gray and strangely luminous; hot with the fire that must have gleamed from beneath the brows of Alexander and Cortez; eyes of challenge and assured mastery; the eyes of those who are called by the heights and cannot breathe a lower air and to whom obscurity is of all things the most hateful. Men laughed at William Walker only when they had not met his look; once having met it, they bowed, believed and followed.

Never was anything more mad than his invasion of Mexico, yet fifty men left the gold fields of California to share the hazard. A town was captured, certain battles fought and won, and, bravely enough, the Republic of Sonora was proclaimed to the world. But not all the courage of that little band could avail against the desert. Starving, thirst-maddened, it was a gaunt, desperate handful that fought through an army to gain the safety of American soil.

A Handful of Shaggy Adventurers

A FAILURE, yet in 1885, one year later, he found others willing to sail with him for Nicaragua, a battle ground where warring factions tore at each other's throats in mad-dog fury. Castellon, leader of the Democrats, fell back in sick astonishment as his new allies came ashore from their leaky, battered little schooner. He had bargained for 300 men, captained by some soldier of renown, and here were fifty-eight shaggy, unkempt adventurers led by an *eclesiástico!*

Even as he beat his breast and called upon the saints to witness his despair, Walker and his band calmly marched against the walled city of Rivas, a Legitimist stronghold. Not since the days of the Spanish Conquistadores had Nicaragua witnessed any such savagery of attack, for the wild Americans laughed at odds, stormed barricades with their knives, and died only when drained of blood. Retreat was finally compelled, but Walker had accomplished his purpose, impressing friend and foe alike with his fighting quality.

Pleasing indeed was the prospect that met the conqueror's gaze. Gold, silver and precious stones; copper, oil and coal; rubber in the mighty forests, and coffee and fruit to supply all the nations of the earth. What wonder that greedy eyes were fixed on Nicaragua and that itching hands were stretched out from the United States!

Of equal importance with the resources and riches of the land was its availability for an ocean-to-ocean canal. Already Cornelius Vanderbilt and other American money masters had obtained a grant, and nothing seemed more certain than that the Nicaraguan isthmus would soon be a world path.

One Bold Throw of the Dice

PENNED in the narrow strip between the Atlantic and Pacific were also Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica, proportionately rich and all cursed by the same plague of misrule and civil strife. Fair countries, needing only a strong hand to make them an earthly paradise, a fountain of wealth for its lord. As he looked about him William Walker's cold gray eyes caught fire and a faint color warmed his pale cheeks.

Castellon, as overjoyed as he had been depressed, now urged a variety of crazy courses, only to have them rejected or ignored. Across the southern end of Nicaragua, where it narrowed to a bottle neck, ran Cornelius Vanderbilt's Transit route, steamers chugging up and down the San Juan River between the Atlantic and the great lake, with a twelve-mile coach road connecting Virgen Bay and San Juan del Sur, the Pacific port. Walker saw at once the necessity of Transit control, for it meant supplies and reënforcements, and, hazarding all on one bold throw of the dice, he gave the enemy battle at Virgen Bay.

Six hundred Legitimists faced him under the command of Santos Guardiola, a Honduran whom they called the Butcher. But the fifty Americans struck with the force of a lance thrust, and when Guardiola fled the field half of his command lay dead behind him.

Walker, fighting at the head of his men, had his black coat pierced by a score of bullets, and one spent ball struck him in the throat: miraculous escapes that earned him a new and significant appellation, the Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny.

Speed and surprise were ever the fundamentals of Walker's military strategy, and on the heels of the victory at Virgen Bay came his decision to attack Granada, the Legitimist capital and the city of their love. Calmly seizing a Transit steamer, he put out into the lake under cover of darkness, and as dawn broke his red-shirted followers poured into the sleeping town with all the resistless fury of a mountain torrent.

Intrigue and Treason Everywhere

BEATEN, broken, the Legitimists asked terms, and as a result of negotiations Don Patricio Rivas was chosen president and Walker apportioned all offices between the two factions, reserving for himself the post of commander in chief. Although he had executed a captive secretary of state during the peace parleys, even yet the Nicaraguans did not fully appreciate the iron quality of the conqueror, and before the ink on the treaty was dry the Legitimist leader attempted betrayal.

Intrigue and treason constituted the national game, one that everybody played with whole-hearted joyousness,

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and when Corral was apprehended, neither he nor the people anticipated more than a brief prison term. Within the hour Walker named a court-martial, and at dawn of the next day the conspirator was taken to the main plaza and put before a firing squad. Many begged for the poor fool's life—priests, powerful public men and weeping children. But the Gray-Eyed Man coldly replied that mercy was not a virtue when misplaced.

With his own men he was no less ice and iron. In Lower California, when his own life hung by a thread, he had shot down mutineers, nor was his rule less autocratic in Nicaragua. Death was the penalty for looting and rapine, drunkenness met with stern punishment, and no excuses were accepted for failure to carry out an order.

Possessed by a Dream

EVEN when he sat all night at the bedside of a wounded soldier or gave his horse to some sick comrade on a march of forty miles, it was without abatement of his chill formality, carrying no invitation to friendship or familiarity.

President in all but name, Walker lost no time in taking advantage of the peace that followed Corral's execution, laying down wise statutes designed both to promote the public good and develop the country. More than ever he walked the mountain tops, possessed by his dream. With less than a hundred men he had brought peace and justice to a distracted land, and when his administrative genius should stand proved, might it not well be that other Central American people would hold out welcoming hands?

Where William Walker failed was not in courage or vision, but in judgment. Great Britain, jealous of her control of Nicaraguan trade, had not liked the entry of the American adventurers, but, even so, a working arrangement could have been reached. Instead of that Walker bore hard upon the powerful British consul, justly suspected of Legitimist sympathies, and earned his bitter enmity.

He was no less unyielding in his contacts with Cornelius Vanderbilt. The New York money master, to be sure, was making no effort to build a canal or even lay a railroad, as expressly provided in his contract, nor had he paid 20 per cent of his annual Transit profits to the Nicaraguan Government. At that, it was best for Walker to have suffered these plain breaches, for when he revoked the Vanderbilt charter, giving the grant to others, he made a foe as vindictive as he was powerful.

On March 1, 1856, Costa Rica declared war against the "American filibusters," and when President Mora took the field it was with the confidence of one backed by British power and Vanderbilt millions.

Undismayed, Walker took the initiative, as was his wont, and hurried a Captain Schlessinger across the border at the head of a strong force. Unhappily this leader proved a coward, not only leading his men into a trap, but sounding a retreat that left his wounded to be butchered. Now over the line rushed the Costa Ricans, capturing Rivas and announcing a campaign of extermination.

Not since the Spanish Conquistadores had Nicaragua witnessed any such savagery

Many recruits had come to Walker, attracted by his success, but when he had gathered his full strength for a counterstroke, it was with but 400 men that he marched against an army of 3,000. Even so, victory hung in the balance throughout that day of slaughter, and although the Americans retreated as darkness fell, pompous Mora went sick with foreboding as he counted his dead.

Black News Arrives

NOR was that all. As if to confirm men's faith in William Walker's invincible destiny, cholera now scourged the enemy, and out of the triumphant army of invasion scarce 500 staggered back to Costa Rica.

Equally abortive was the treachery of Rivas, the president, and Salazar, the secretary of war, for when they fled from Granada and set up a government far to the north, Walker calmly held an election and proclaimed that the ballots of the people had lifted him to the seat of supreme power. Nor was Cornelius Vanderbilt able to prevent recognition of the new government by the United States. Flabby Franklin Pierce had small wish to offend the malignant old man, but from north and south great meetings cheered the name of William Walker, and, with a nominating convention about to be held, he did not dare run counter to popular feeling.

Great Britain and the furious commodore, however, were not at the end of their resources by any means, and even as Walker felt himself secure word came that Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras and San Salvador were leagued against him. Concentrating his forces in Granada, giving the impression that he meant to stand a siege, the Gray-Eyed Man watched the allied troops pour in. Then, on a black night, he launched his men in a sudden, savage thrust at the mountain town of Masaya. All day the battle raged, but at night a sweating courier brought black news.

The Guatemalans were storming Granada, and while the little garrison of 150 still held the church, the civilian population was being butchered with merciless ferocity. Victory was in Walker's hands, for Masaya tottered to its fall, but after a long moment of painful indecision, he gathered his forces and marched swiftly to the rescue of his comrades. Like a tornado he struck the Guatemalans from behind, killing 500 and sending the others in panic-stricken flight.

A survey of the situation, however, revealed Granada as a liability. Rivas, stronger-walled and closer to the Transit, was better suited to his needs, and, gathering his sick and wounded, the Gray-Eyed Man marched away, leaving General Charles Frederic Henningsen behind with orders to burn the city to the ground.

"Destroy it!" he commanded in his prim, precise tones. "Destroy it so completely that the Legitimists will have to search for the site."

A remarkable man, this Henningsen! A Viking soldier of fortune, always in love with liberty, he had fought with the rebels of Spain, stood side by side with Schamyl the Prophet in his revolt against the Czar, and shared the perils of Kossuth in his challenge to Austrian tyranny. Only William Walker, however, could control the reckless adventurers that had come to Nicaragua from every quarter of the globe, and when the Gray-Eyed Man rode away, discipline went with him. As Henningsen's 400 burned Granada, they drank and caroused in joyous reaction from Walker's iron rule, giving the allies time to surround the city.

Whatever the faults of these wild men, cowardice was not among them. For three terrible weeks the little band beat off an army of 5,000, and although only 100 remained alive when Walker raised the siege, the allied death loss was 2,000. Well indeed could General Belloso cry despairingly that the Americans were "devils."

Four thousand enemy dead littered the shores of Lake Nicaragua; secure in Rivas, he held the entire Transit route, and from the Atlantic states and California came cheering word of men, money and supplies.

It was when Walker's hopes were brightest that Cornelius Vanderbilt delivered a mortal thrust. The malignant old man, on fire with rage and greed, now cast aside the native generals as weak and futile instruments, and set to work recruiting a Foreign Legion. Spencer, an American, and Webster, an Englishman, were put in command, and these two soldiers of fortune, striking with much of Walker's own fury, gained possession of the Transit from San Juan del Norte to Virgen Bay.

An "Astounding Creature"

A BLOW of magnitude, cutting Walker off from the Atlantic, nor was it all! The allies, vastly encouraged, sent in fresh troops, and Rivas, invested by 7,000, soon felt the savage pinch of famine. Now Great Britain stirred to action, and a warship, anchoring off San Juan del Sur, began to bully the one small schooner that constituted William Walker's "navy."

A broadside was actually threatened, but when gallant young Lieutenant Fayssoux calmly cleared his two little six-pounders for action, grim Captain Sir Robert McClure's arrogance changed to delighted admiration.

Soon after the British commander was given still another exhibition of utter lack of humor. Going into Rivas, he found the garrison living on mule meat and melting church bells for cannon balls. But Walker, stiff as a ramrod in his rusty black coat, greeted the visitor with the menacing air of an outraged emperor. "Well, sir," he demanded in a voice that held the cold clash of steel, "I presume you have come to apologize for the insult offered to my flag?"

"By the Lord," roared Sir Robert, relating the occurrence, "if the astounding creature only had one more rowboat, demned if he wouldn't declare war on Great Britain!"

No such bluff good humor marked the attitude of Captain Davis of the United States sloop of war St. Mary's. James Buchanan, succeeding Franklin Pierce, had yielded to the fierce pressure of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Davis bore orders to compel Walker's surrender. Conditions in Rivas had reached the stage of black hopelessness, for death and desertion had cut the garrison in half, and these were gaunt with fever and starvation, but still the indomitable little man clung to faith in his star.

Day in and day out the American commander hurled arguments and entreaties, but in April he entered Rivas with an (*Continued on page 41*)

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The Blue Lamp

By
WILLIAM
DUDLEY
PELLEY

Illustrated by
COURTNEY ALLEN

And cold sliced chicken loaf was on the menu served by the caterer

The Story Thus Far:

MARY HARMON disappeared from Boston. She had been dining with her fiancé, Count Briskow, and a young Dr. Hawkins, but feeling ill she returned home. The next day, in her presence, the count and Hawkins quarreled, and later she and the doctor disappeared. Everyone thought she had been abducted, except Ajax Hubbard, *her lawyer, who would not explain* several out-of-town trips. Briskow, too, was silent about his quarrel with Hawkins. The only clue found was a mysterious letter from Mary Harmon to Hubbard in the Harmon house in Vermont. An old humpback, Wrightson, caused excitement till he was discovered to be only a caretaker making repairs. Briskow later saw Hawkins on a boat but he jumped overboard, and was lost. There the case rested.

Twenty years later blue lights and ghosts were seen in the Vermont house. Jimmy Battles, a reporter, goes there and finds a man unconscious, and a girl whom he identifies as Mary Harmon in bed in a secret alcove under the stairs. Leaving her he finds the man gone. On his return the alcove has disappeared and the stairs are solid again. He goes for his uncle, Amos Crumpett, the sheriff. While there Paul Lyman telephones. He and the Fowler boys have found the body of a murdered man and have caught sight of or heard sound of three or four people in the house since Jimmy left. Hurrying back they find the man is Briskow. They break into the hidden alcove from outside, but the girl is gone. There is a passage, however, leading to a deep pit under the tool house. The girl is there seated beside a skeleton. The sheriff has gone off chasing someone and can't be found.

"HELLO, up there!" called the squire. "Who is it?"

"It's me, by heck!" responded a voice that brought everyone relief.

Behind the tool shed's gable reared Sheriff Crumpett's doughty figure. He slid down to the yard.

"Where the devil have you been?"

"Chasin' that little flat-footed cuss who killed th' duke. Kept on his trail 'way 'round th' east o' Jake Gleason's pasture. But he got away by wadin' th' swamp. Where's that girl?"

"Pumpton's took her to the car. Where's your lantern?"

"Dropped it, an' it went out on me, somewheres up in th' brush. What you doin' with her?"

"Takin' her to Pumpton's to get some decent clothes. Then I'm havin' her into the village to my house."

"Good work! Keep your eye on her till we've got th' truth behind all this cut-up. Come along, Jimmy, if you want t' see some action."

"Where are you going?"

"Goin'! What th' devil d' you think I come 'way back here for? T' get th' car an' chase him, o' course. He left a horse an' rig tied up by Fawcett's ol' cellar hole—that much I've found out—an' made for it. He circled round, got t' it, an' rattled off in th' night. I heard him plain as I ever heard anything."

"Rattled off where?" the squire demanded.

"Well, he didn't climb th' hill past Gleason's or I'd seen him. Which means he took th' swamp road toward Cobb City. Come on, son."

Jimmy forgot his dilapidation, his fatigue, the important story that must be sent to Boston. Not till he had entered the front seat of the car behind his uncle did he recall the competition Paul Lyman represented.

"Uncle Amos, make that kid reporter come with us! He'll get into Paris and spill everything."

"Climb in th' back, Paul," the uncle ordered. "You're in on this."

"But I don't want to be in on it. I want to get back to Paris and wire the A. P."

"*Climb in th' back!*" roared the officer above the whine of his starter.

Young Lyman climbed in.

Sheriff Crumpett was ungainly—clumsy with the steering wheel, awkward with his feet.

"Uncle Amos—*be careful!* Won't you let me drive?" And Jimmy grasped the windshield as all four wheels left the ground in a leap.

"You keep a sharp lookout. A hoss, even gallopin', can't do more'n fifteen miles an hour—not hitched t' a rig."

"But all these side roads! He might have turned off on a dozen we've passed."

"I know what he's aimin' at, providin' he's ont' th' lay o' th' country. He's makin' f'r th' crossroad 'tween Cobb City an' Wickford."

On and on the car clattered.

AT LAST the engine gave three ragged explosions and a backfire. They rolled to a halt and stopped in soft sand.

"Gawd!" gasped Crumpett. "Fine place t' run out o' gas—three mile fr'm nowhere!"

"Worse'n a blow-out!" Jimmy exclaimed. "We might *fix* a blow-out."

"Dammit!" swore Crumpett. "Ain't even a place t' back out o' th' road."

"S'pose they'd have gas in that last house we passed?"

"That's Joe Prescott's place. He don't own no car."

"Is this highway much traveled? Will a car come along?"

"Not till after sunup. What I can't understand: why ain't we overtook him in th' distance we've chased him?"

"You're sure he took this road in the beginning?"

"Only road he *could* take. You've seen f'r yourselves there ain't been no branch forks that amount t' anything."

"Perhaps he saw our headlights, suspected we were after him, turned in somewhere and hid till we passed.

"But in that case," argued Paul, "believing we've gone on, he might drive out of hiding and now be in our rear. He wouldn't head about and drive into Paris. He'd know the town would be boiling about the murder.

"If he's making for Cobb City, or Wickford, with the idea of catching a train there by daylight, he's bound to come along. You'd better turn those lights out. If he sees a car stalled here, he may hide again."

The sheriff snapped off the switch.

"Lyman," he ordered finally, "you set there in th' car in case anyone comes along from th' front. Jimmy an' me'll go back along th' road."

The reporter was rueful. Yet Crumpett's word was law.

"You an' me'll walk back toward Prescott's, Jimmy. Can't be more'n a mile. Joe's got a phone, at any rate, an' I'll warn all deputies an' constables t' turn out an' round that feller up. An' we'll phone f'r a car t' come out fr'm town."

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I'm persuaded that while dinner was being served that blackguard got my aspic onto her plate

Separating after leaving Lyman, each took a side of the highway where the walking was firmest.

"Jimmy! Come over here. This side the road!"

Jimmy hastened over.

"What's that big white thing, this side the bridge?"

"It's a horse!" cried the boy. "A white horse!"

"Eatin' th' road brush. Queer we didn't see it when we passed here before."

"It's hitched to a buggy that seems to be empty!"

"Creep up on it soft like. We don't want t' frighten it."

The horse, however, showed no signs of fright.

"This horse has been runnin', Uncle Amos. Look at it steam.

"Do you suppose our man saw our tail light ahead, sensed that he was trapped, and took to the bushes?"

"What else can we think? But where th' devil was it we passed him?"

"He might have hidden in a thousand places. We never would have seen him at the speed we were going."

"Well, he's chose a bad stretch t' abandon his rig. There's nothin' but woods fr'm here t' th' back o' Cogswell's. That's th' first farm over th' town line. If he's a stranger t' these parts—don't know th' woods—"

From over the hill on the east the sudden bark of a gunshot had sounded.

"That was near at hand!" exclaimed the nephew.

"Come on!" the uncle ordered. "We'll make for that hilltop."

They pushed through the alders, climbed the crazy fence, wove up through a berry pasture that stretched up the grade. It took them five minutes to get to the summit.

ON THE eastern side the tree line was visible.

"Helloo-oo-oo!" the sheriff bellowed.

"Hello!" an answer was returned at once. *"Help!"*

"Gosh, what's happened? Where'd that answer come fr'm?"

"Off there to the left, it sounded like."

The pair started forward, running now.

"Hello!" called the sheriff again, puffing with his effort.

"Hello, hello! Over here beyond the wall. *I've shot a man!"*

Jimmy and his uncle arrived at the wall. Beyond it was a man—a tall man in a coonskin hat, mackinaw, trousers tucked into brogans.

They approached the frantic hunter, who retreated before them.

"He's over here in the birches. I thought he was an animal!"

"That you, Joe Prescott?"

"Yeah. Anyhow, he was trespassin' on my land—"

"You been huntin'?"

"Yeah. I seen signs of a bear over in here, last two or three mornin's. I 'lowed I'd stick it out here one night an' see if I couldn't land him—"

"With a shotgun?"

"It's th' only gun I got. But I'd loaded it with slugs. An' just as I was about to call it off an' go home something come thrashin' through th' bushes. I give him one barrel an' almost give him t' other when he let out a yell, an' I knowed I'd shot a man—"

"I hope it's our murderer."

"Murderer!"

"What you s'pose I happen t' be out here f'r, at this hour o' th' mornin'?"

IN SOFT pasture grass a man lay on his side. He was alternately moaning and sobbing, doubled like a jackknife.

Crumpett lit a match.

The victim started to cackle an incoherent monologue. He lifted his face.

"Gosh!" cried the officer. "Wrightson!"

"Wrightson?" echoed Jimmy.

"Th' cripple I found t' th' Harmon house after Mary disappeared, twenty years back. I'd know him anywheres. *But he's lost his hump!"*

"Ain't you Wrightson?" the sheriff demanded of the stricken one.

"Wrightson? Yes, that was the name I went by, once."

"You were at th' Harmon house t'night, warn't you?"

"Yes, yes. I was there."

"An' killed a man before you left?"

"He would have killed me. But never mind. I'll tell you everything if you'll only do something to stop this pain."

"For once in my life," remarked Crumpett, arising, "I get a lucky break. Jimmy, you hustle back down t' th' road an' get t' Joe's house. Wake up his woman. Tell her t' let you use th' tellyphone. If Chapin's still t' Pumpton's, have him come over here soon's he can. If you can't get hold o' Chapin, try Dr. Johnson t' Paris. Joe an' I'll follow slower, an' lug this cuss between us."

It took Jimmy a quarter of an hour to reach the house and another five minutes to explain to a suspicious woman what had happened.

He had succeeded in locating Chapin at Pumpton's, got him started for Prescott's in the Pumpton car, and put in his Boston call, when his uncle and the hunter bore their burden into the yard.

Wrightson had fainted on the journey down the hill. But he revived in the bed.

A soft-nosed slug had entered his body from the side, about four inches below his heart, tearing an ugly hole. Mrs. Prescott brought hot water and towels. But the man's internal bleeding was menacing. The sheriff swabbed the wound with hot compresses.

"Where you been th' last twenty years?" the officer demanded when his prisoner returned to consciousness.

"Up—in the—Canadian—Northwest."

"What fetched you down here now?"

"I read—about the haunt—in a Winnipeg paper. I wondered—if Mary Harmon—had really come to life."

"Whatta you know 'bout Mary Harmon, anyhow?"

"As much as anybody. I left her in that house twenty years ago."

"You left her there!"

"Yes. There was nothing else I could do. I was afraid they'd get me for murder—or malpractice. We talked it over between us. She said herself—her death—would ruin my career. It was like her not to want to do that. But all the same—it did."

"F'r Gawd's sake, what are you talkin' about?"

"Don't you understand? I'm Hawkins."

"You're Hawkins!"

"Yes—I'm Hawkins—I'm the man—"

"Hawkins was drowned by jumpin' off a steamer somewheres round Newfoundland."

"No, I wasn't. I swam around to the log line in the stern of the ship. Hit it by accident. I found it'd bear my weight, and I pulled myself up. All the passengers was round to the side of the boat, watching the search. I climbed back on deck and hid in a storeroom. Later that night I got into the hold. When we reached Liverpool I managed to get away. Briskow never saw me. He thought I was dead. Well, I let him think so. It was just what I wanted."

The stupefied sheriff pulled a chair to the bed. Jimmy and the Prescotts leaned over the footboard.

"Th' newspapers all said, at th' time Mary Harmon vanished, that Hawkins was a *young* medical student—"

"Well, I was young. I was only thirty-two."

"You weren't young th' day I faced you at that house an' you claimed you was th' caretaker. You didn't look a whole lot different then than you do at present."

"Don't you understand?" the captive protested weakly. "It was just a disguise I fixed up, so no one would know me. I whitened my hair, cut off my eyebrows, and put on a pair of glasses—the same as I had to wear later anyhow."

"That hump on your back—was that bogus too?"

"Yes, yes. Of course. Mary had died by that time, or at least the ordinary person would decide so, and I knew what would happen if they caught me with her dead body—"

"Whatta you mean, th' ordinary person'd decide so?"

"You read the papers at the time, didn't you? You knew what I was up to when I first met Mary Harmon?"

"Th' papers claimed you was some sort o' scientist."

"I was a medical physicist trying to segregate the germ of encephalitis lethargica. Not much was known about it twenty years ago. If I could find the germ and a serum to counteract it, it would have made me famous—wealthy—"

"What th' hell's enseffy—whatever you called it?"

THE man closed his eyes for a moment as though the effort of talking cost valuable strength. Yet his auditors became aware, as the strange confession came out, that telling the twenty-year secret which had plagued his soul afforded him a measure of spiritual relief.

"The disease sometimes called sleeping sickness," he declared. "I had some cultures in my laboratory and was engaged in testing them when that damnable Hungarian entered my affairs. I'm not sorry I killed him, sir. I wish to Heaven I'd done it sooner. I know from what's going on in my vitals that I can't recover from this wound. A surgeon can't probe for the bullet without killing me getting it out. So you might as well know the truth."

"Go on. Tell us your side of the story. I went through th' papers I'd saved, an' read th' count's side not three days back."

"I met him in the Boston Public Library one morning, where I'd gone to consult some reference books. I had a volume he wanted. Discovering we were looking up the same subject, we began discussing it. Later we went to lunch together. Then I invited him up to my room. It wasn't till some time after he'd invited me to meet his fiancée that I began to have my suspicions. I knew, and so did he, that the disease sometimes (*Continued on page 38*)

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How Could She

Jane gave a gasp. She was thinking. "I wish he would kiss me"

By LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

For that matter, how could he? But queer ducks roam the seas

PERHAPS you read the columns and columns the papers printed last summer about the disappearance of Jane Crandall and the many more columns they printed when they learned that she wasn't drowned.

How the newspapers do revel in the chance to print the photographs of a beautiful young woman! They so often have to describe as beautiful a girl who looks so ordinary in her pictures. And Jane Crandall had such a fresh, young, engaging look. You stared at her picture, and you said to yourself, "What a nice girl!"

In addition Jane was the daughter of one of those families whose names are always in the papers—whose slightest going and coming is recorded in the society page.

No wonder the newspapers spent so much money and so much furious effort in trying to find her. No wonder they had the whole world asking what the real story was—the inside story. Her own mother, and all the other mothers in Southampton who knew Jane, asked themselves, "How could she do it?"

It was really quite simple.

About a week after her engagement to Tarleton Baker was formally announced, Jane Crandall borrowed her brother's speed boat and pointed her toward the coast of Spain and opened both motors up wide. She had to get away from everybody. She had to get off by herself and think the thing out and decide what she would do.

Jane had driven the Albatross through the rum fleet and a good ten miles beyond when the starboard motor sputtered and died. Before she could reach the starting switch the port motor sputtered and died. The starters whirred as she threw on the current, but nothing happened. By the time she discovered that there was no gas in the tanks the Albatross was rolling heavily in the trough of a rising sea.

She hadn't realized that there was so much wind. There was something ominous in the wind that came whipping out of the southeast; in the dark sky; in the tumbling sea.

Jane sat down to consider the situation. She was twenty-five miles offshore. She was in a stanch boat with two beautiful motors that could make that twenty-five miles in fifty minutes—if they had gas. But they had no gas. They were useless. A wave, curling high, struck the Albatross broadside—a solid smash. Jane was drenched with spray. She was so wet that when she stood up and shook herself the water squashed in her shoes. With a sudden flash of wisdom Jane saw that life was not so hollow as she had supposed. There was something about life that made you want to hang on to it.

JANE sat on the floor of the cockpit in the lee of the coaming and thought hard. What did you do when you were caught offshore with no gas? She recalled everything she had ever read about rescues at sea. Ships sent out an S O S over the wireless. She had no wireless. But the Albatross had a powerful electric horn. Jane pressed the button. How utterly feeble the horn sounded in that wind and sea!

She climbed up, and, holding to the roof of the cabin, waited for the Albatross to reach the high point of her pitching. She took a quick look around the horizon, but couldn't see anything. She couldn't even see the rum fleet. Jane set her teeth against the rising fear that possessed her.

She thought she remembered that her brother had said you could hear the horn for five miles. She began to sound it methodically every three minutes. She had been sounding it for an hour, and it had pretty well drained the battery when she saw a sail. Involuntarily she held the button down hard.

At first she could see nothing but a sail. Then Jane could make out a good-sized ketch and that she was coming nearer. They must have seen her. After ten minutes she could see that the hull of the approaching boat was black and that her sails were not white but a pale yellow. The boat would lie down until her masts seemed almost parallel with the sea and then miraculously right herself and stagger on. At last the boat was so close that Jane could see a man in the cockpit with the tiller under his arm. He was naked to the waist. In another moment the boat was almost alongside, and the man was yelling to her to get ready to jump.

He came skillfully up alee, shaving the plunging Albatross as closely as he dared.

"Jump!" the man yelled.

Jane jumped, landed on the deck and fell against the man at the tiller. She felt the deck under her feet sliding away from her. She grabbed blindly. She grabbed the man's bare arm. He pulled her down into the cockpit.

Jane lay on the cockpit floor a moment. She looked up. For the first time in her life she looked closely into the face of a man who had not shaved for three days. She scrambled to her knees. The ruffian wore nothing but canvas trousers and a pair of sneakers.

HE IMMEDIATELY bore away from the Albatross, but presently brought the ketch up into the wind, and lowered the mainsail, for the stiff breeze seemed to be working into a gale. The next moment he was taking in armfuls of sail, furling the canvas quickly and lashing everything down. Jane could see the muscles standing out on his shoulders and rippling down his back. He was a powerful brute. He was either a bootlegger or a hijacker.

When he had made everything snug he pushed the tiller over, and the ketch, gathering way again, rode easily. And Jane saw that he was going straight out to sea!

"You're going the wrong way," Jane said.

He didn't hear her; the wind was too strong. He shook his head and grinned.

Jane leaned toward him, shouted in his ear.

"I want you to take me home," she yelled.

The man shook his head, and grinned again, showing strong white teeth.

"I insist," Jane cried.

The man shook his head and said something Jane could not hear.

Jane pointed to the controls of a gas engine, near the tiller.

"Start the engine!" she yelled.

The man grinned again, and waved his hand toward the open sea.

Jane leaned forward and would have thrown the switch that she guessed started the motor. But the man pushed her back roughly.

"No," he said.

Jane sank back on the floor with her back against the coaming. This man had kidnapped her! She was completely in his power.

BRINGING his craft again up into the wind, he left the tiller for a moment, apparently to coil up the main sheet.

Jane looked about for a weapon. She had read enough to know that a belaying pin was the handiest weapon aboard a sailing vessel. But she did not see anything that corresponded to what she thought a belaying pin should look like. She saw, however, a short thick pole with a bronze hook on the end of it. Jane grasped the handle. The man's back was turned. Jane hefted the pole. One blow would knock him cold. Then she could start the engine and steer for home.

Jane took one stealthy step forward, and brought the pole sweeping down on the man's head. But the boat lurched as she struck. The bronze hook struck him a glancing blow. He went down on his knees. But he was up instantly. Before she could raise the pole to strike again he was on her. He seized her by the shoulders, gritting his teeth with anger and pain, and shook her as if she were a small child.

Jane kicked and bit. She might as well have struggled with a gorilla.

"For two cents," the man roared, "I'd spank you—you little fool."

He shook her till her head spun, then half pushed, half dropped her into the cabin and shut her in. Jane found herself lying on a floor littered with gear, cooking utensils and cans of tinned food. For a moment she could hardly see for the tears of anger and fright in her eyes. Then she realized that it was almost dark in the cabin. She got to her hands and knees. She felt the cushion of a transom. She drew herself up on the bunk and sobbed.

But she did not cry long. The boat pitched so that she had to hang on or be thrown off the transom to the floor. She lay there in the half dark, bracing herself against the pitching. The transom had a board around it. She hooked one foot between the edge of the cushion and the board and pressed one elbow against the side of the boat, jamming herself in place. She wondered how long it would be before she gave way to nausea. . . .

When she awoke it was pitch dark. She lay there listening to the shriek of the wind outside, the creak of straining timbers, the heavy thud as the boat lunged into the sea, followed by the dark rush of the water alongside as the boat lifted her head. Jane lay listening for five minutes before she realized that she was held in her bunk by a broad canvas strap. She felt the strap with her fingers, tracing it to its fastenings. At one end it was simply hooked into a metal eye. She could unfasten it at will. He hadn't tied her up. He had merely hooked the strap across her body so she wouldn't be thrown out on the floor.

Her shoulders were sore where his hands had gripped her when he shook her. One elbow ached where she had banged it against something. Incred-

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Do It?

He gritted his teeth and shook her as if she were a small child

ibly, she was hungry. She could not remember when she had been so hungry. She was so wretched and so frightened that she could not endure lying awake. She went to sleep again.

When she awoke it was lighter. But the light was that of a pocket flash. The man was braced against the bulkhead with the flashlight in one hand while he rummaged in a drawer. Jane watched him break the end off a loaf of bread. He had a large hunk of cheese. He began to eat, taking first a bite of the end of the loaf and then a bite of cheese. Suddenly he turned the flashlight on her.

He motioned with the bread and cheese. Jane nodded. He broke off the other end of the loaf and got another hunk of cheese. He had to use one hand to hold on with as the boat pitched. The flashlight went out. Jane felt a hand on her face in the dark. She grabbed at his hand. She got the bread and cheese. The light flashed on a moment as the man got his bearings and disappeared again as he scrambled up on deck.

Jane lay in the dark, eating bread and cheese. She ate all there was. The man came below again and gave her a drink of water. He held the cup to her face and some of it spilled down her neck, but she drank the rest.

When she awoke for the third time it was daylight, and the boat was not pitching so hard. The man came below and unhooked a long frame of iron pipe in which a piece of canvas had been lashed. Jane saw that it was something like the upper berth in a Pullman sleeper. One side of the frame was hinged to the ship; the other side hung from the deck beams by chains. The man adjusted the chains so that the outside edge of the frame was higher than the inside. He got some blankets out of a locker and stowed himself away in this bunk and went instantly to sleep.

Jane unhooked the canvas strap that held her on the transom and got up. The man seemed to be sound asleep. She went on deck and looked out on a gray and lumpy sea. The gale had blown itself out, but there was enough wind left to make her realize that her clothes were wet. She went below and found a heavy sweater and an oilskin jacket.

She sat on the floor of the cockpit in the sweater and the oilskins, with her back against the coaming and thought. The boat sailed herself under jib and jigger. The wind was going down. The sea was moderating. Jane looked at the compass. The boat was headed almost due south. Long Island, she figured, must be northwest. If she were ever to get home safe and sound, she must act now.

Jane went below and traced the gas line from the motor to the gas tank. The gauge showed that the tank was full. Jane found a knife and went on deck and cut a long piece of rope off the main sheet.

The man was sleeping like a child. Jane cautiously looped the rope around him many times, passing the end around the man and the berth in which he lay. The space between the inside edge and the wall of the boat was just wide enough to take the rope. When she had used up all the rope she tied the ends in a succession of knots, one on top of the other.

She went on deck and threw the switch. The starter whirred. The engine caught. Jane threw in the clutch. She felt the boat leap forward. She put the tiller hard over. The boat described a sweeping curve. Jane glanced at the compass and laid a course due northwest. Over the steady put-put of the engine she heard the man call from below. Jane lashed the tiller and went down.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked.

"I think I'm going home," Jane replied.

The man tried to raise himself, but, of course, the ropes held him down.

"It's no use," Jane said. "You're tied."

"You'd better go on deck and slack off the jib and the jigger," he said.

"You'll have to explain that to me," Jane said.

The man explained, and Jane went up on deck and slacked the sheets until the jib and jigger were in accord with the motor. She guessed that the boat wasn't making much over six miles an hour. But even at that rate she would eventually sight land.

The man yelled again. Jane went below. "Well?" she asked.

"What's the big idea?" he retorted.

"The big idea is that I simply don't intend to be kidnapped," Jane said.

"Do you know what you're letting yourself in for?" he asked.

Jane admitted she didn't.

"I'm captain of this vessel. You're a pirate."

JANE shrugged her shoulders. The man had frightened her thoroughly. But now that she had the upper hand, she remembered that she was a Crandall.

"That really doesn't worry me," she said amiably.

"It would if you knew sea law," the man replied.

"But I don't," Jane reminded him.

"I'm telling you," the man said. "I mean exactly what I say. Under the law you must obey my orders. As long as this craft is at sea my word is law. I order you to let go these lashings."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," Jane said in her best Crandall manner. She turned to go back on deck.

"Listen," the man said. "You're a little fool."

Jane laughed.

"Your real trouble," Jane explained, "is stupidity. If you had turned around and sailed for home after you took me

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off my boat, you could have claimed a handsome reward. My father would gladly have paid you five thousand dollars for your trouble. As it is he will undoubtedly have you arrested. You weren't clever enough to see that."

Jane went back on deck. She felt a singular elation at having beaten the man. He was infinitely stronger than she. She had been completely at his mercy. But she had been clever enough to put him in his place.

She was smiling to herself when his face appeared framed in the cabin door. He grinned at her. Jane shrank back involuntarily.

"I've untied those granny knots of yours," he said as he came out.

Jane stood up. There was no place to go but overboard.

"You needn't be afraid," he said, "I won't hurt you."

He pulled after him the piece of rope with which Jane had lashed him in his bunk. He sat down on the deck and proceeded to splice the piece to the main sheet from which Jane had cut it.

"If you knew who I am," Jane said, "you wouldn't d-d-dare." She couldn't keep from stuttering over the last word.

THE man did not reply. He bent over the splice with swift, decisive fingers. When he had finished the splice he came aft and took the tiller and swung the boat around. When the jib and jigger fluttered in the wind he threw the clutch to neutral.

"What are you going to do?" Jane asked. It looked as if he were actually going to sail out to sea again.

"I'm going to get the mains'l on her," he said impatiently. "And then I'm going to build a fire in the galley stove and start breakfast, and while the water is boiling for coffee I'm going to shave. Do you want to know why I'm going to shave?"

"I'm not interested in why you're going to shave," Jane said.

"That is because you don't know the answer," the man observed. "If you knew the answer, you would be interested."

"If you knew who I am—" Jane began.

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference to me," he said.

"You could make more money by taking me home than you possibly could bootlegging," Jane said.

The man looked at her thoughtfully. "Perhaps I could, at that," he admitted. He went forward and raised the mainsail. He came aft and swung the tiller over and threw in the clutch and trimmed the main sheet. "There," he said, "if you want to hold her on that course, you may."

Jane took the tiller and looked at the compass. He had laid a course north by west. So he was going to take her home. She needn't be afraid any more. She sat holding the tiller while he rummaged in the cabin below. She heard him shake down the stove. Presently she caught a whiff of a delicious odor. After a moment she identified the odor. It was the smell of bacon sizzling in the pan. When Jane thought she couldn't stand it any longer he looked out at her.

"Breakfast is served," he said.

Jane looked at him and gave a little, unbelieving gasp of astonishment. He had shaved off his four days' growth of beard, and he was not the same man. He was wearing a clean white shirt and clean white trousers. He no longer looked like a thug. In a solid way, he was rather handsome.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asked.

"Why—why—" Jane began. She realized now that she ought to have known by his speech that he was not a tough character. "I was never hungrier in my life," she finished.

He came out on deck. "You can let go the tiller," he told her. "I can trim the sails so she will hold her course." He pulled in the jigger, eased the jib sheet, and shut off the motor.

"Now," he said, "come on and eat."

Jane went down. For the first time she saw the cabin of the ketch in full light. He had made everything shipshape. Beside the transom he had set up a table and laid a clean cloth. Jane sat down on the transom and poured the coffee while he served the bacon and eggs. The china was, she saw, marked with the name of the ketch. It was marked Black Duck. She glanced up. Under the barometer on the bulkhead was a shelf of books. The bulkhead and the shelves and the paneling were finished in white enamel with a trim of brown mahogany.

"I—I—" Jane began.

The man held the platter of bacon and eggs. "Won't you eat first?" he said.

Jane helped herself to bacon and eggs. When she had eaten three eggs and half a dozen rashers of bacon and a quantity of marmalade she poured them each a second cupful of coffee. The man produced cigarettes. Jane accepted a cigarette. Their eyes met. Jane smiled. Jane felt herself blushing. He had closed the cut on the side of his head just above the ear where she had struck him with the boat hook. He had washed off the blood and drawn the cut together with surgeon's tape.

"I'M awfully sorry," she said. "I—I'm awfully sorry, and I feel like such a fool. I should have known you were —a—a nice person—I mean that you weren't a criminal."

"It's all right," he said. "When I saw my face in the mirror just now I didn't wonder that you picked me for a hard-boiled egg. I started out from Nova Scotia about five days back, and I ran into a gale, and when you're sailing a small yacht in a gale you don't shave. You can't."

"I was stupid," Jane said humbly.

"Let's go up," he suggested. "It's pleasanter, and you can tell me about yourself."

They went up, and he trimmed the sails and sat down beside the tiller. Jane sat down on the deck beside him.

She realized that she trusted him. She saw how neat a piece of seamanship his rescue of her had been. He knew his business. If he hadn't, she would hardly be alive and well. When she told him she trusted him, she saw that he was grinning.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You're like all young and inexperienced women—you jump from one extreme to the other."

Neither of them spoke again for nearly half an hour. Jane could feel the tension growing between them. She waited in a new and delicious kind of anxiety for him to speak. She was infinitely curious about him. Finally she could not endure it any longer. She had to say something.

"What made you say I was inexperienced?" she asked. "Do you really think I am?"

"Yes," he said.

"How can you tell?"

He shook his head. "I don't know how," he said. "I just feel sure of it."

She thought to herself: "Maybe that's the whole trouble—that I haven't ever had an experience, and so, of course, I don't know what to do about Tarleton Baker." She took it for granted that this man was right in his judgment of her. He had the authority of a person who had known her only twenty-four hours, a person whose opinion was not complicated by a lot of irrelevant facts.

He spoke suddenly, taking her unaware. He said, "Have you ever been kissed?"

"No," Jane said instantly. Then she remembered. "That is—I mean," she said quickly, stumbling over her words —"not really. I'm engaged to be married," she finished.

And then, because she was so troubled, because his question had struck so directly at the thing that troubled her, she began to cry. She did not sob. But the tears rolled down her face.

"I'm sorry," the man said gently. "I didn't mean— "

"It's—it's all right," Jane said. She tried to dash the tears away with the back of her hand, but more tears came.

He put one hand gently on her arm. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I had no business to—"

"But I wanted you to," Jane cried. The firm touch on her arm steadied her. It gave her a wonderful feeling of courage. "I mean," she said, "I've got to talk to somebody. I thought I couldn't. I was ashamed to talk. But I feel I can talk to you."

SHE turned and smiled at him through her tears. She hadn't a notion how dazzling that smile was. The next moment she laughed. "That sounds so absurd," she said. "What a ridiculous thing to say!"

"It doesn't sound ridiculous to me," he said.

"It's like this," she said. "I'm Jane Crandall. I have been brought up—as you say—carefully. And when Tar—Tarleton Baker—proposed to me I told him I loved him. I thought I did. And he's what used to be called a great catch. His people have more money—a great deal more money—than we have. And he's nice. That's the whole trouble: I mean, I haven't a thing against him, only— And I'm going to be married in three weeks: most of my trousseau is bought and it's going to be a big wedding and my family thinks it's exactly right—and—and—"

She paused.

"And," he said slowly, "you didn't get any kick—when he kissed you."

She nodded slowly, looking out over the sea.

"I know it's my fault," she said, "I ought to have—but I didn't. And—well, I suppose the truth is that I don't want to marry him, and there isn't any way to get out of it. And now when I get home to (*Continued on page 40*)

Yo Ho, Hole-in-one!

FORE! Here's another jingle smacking down the fairway. Ah, right on the green. Quick, look at its marking. Why, it's a genuine J. P. McGrath from Atlanta, Ga. Boy, what a drive! Read it, read it, yells the gallery. All right, here you are—everybody back, please:

It takes more than a bag of clubs,
Plus-fours and six-bit balls,
To keep me on the fairway
When that sand-trap siren calls.

Not at all, Mr. McGrath. You're too modest. Why, that was a perfect shot. *And your elegant, solid gold Collier's golf luck-piece, with your initials engraved on it,* goes to you this very day. Another one is spinning toward J. D. McCarthy (what a day for the Mc's!) at Missouri Valley, Ia. He concocted this:

My drive is wild,
My iron's a mutt,
I've one sure shot—
That's my fourth putt.

Another deft jingleer is Charles B. Noble, of Elwood, Ind. His entry:

He bent his supple sinews,
He poised his graceful head.
He should have made a hole in one
But he dug a hole instead.

Also:

A golf ball oft is termed a "pill"
And pills will often help a bloke
But golfers mostly find relief
In swearing when they miss a stroke.

—Thomas Stewart,
Philadelphia, Pa.

And:

Alone, alone, all, all alone—
None saw what I had done.
So not a soul believed that I
Had made a hole in one.

—Mrs. Hugh Bailie,
St. Paul, Minn.

Well, show them your luck-piece to prove it, Mrs. Bailie. That'll stop 'em.

By the way, there are no entry or greens fees to pay if you want to tee-off with the jingleers and maybe win a luck-piece, too. Just address Jingles-in-the-Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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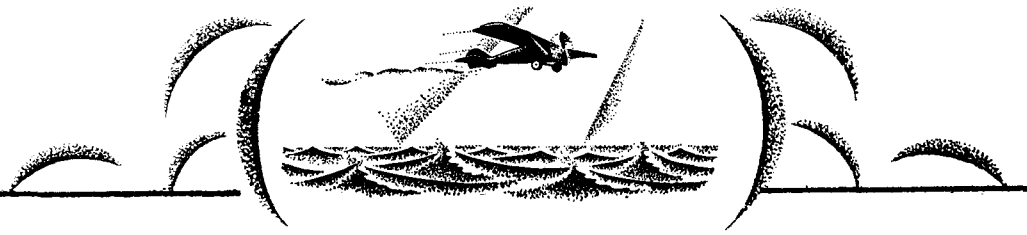

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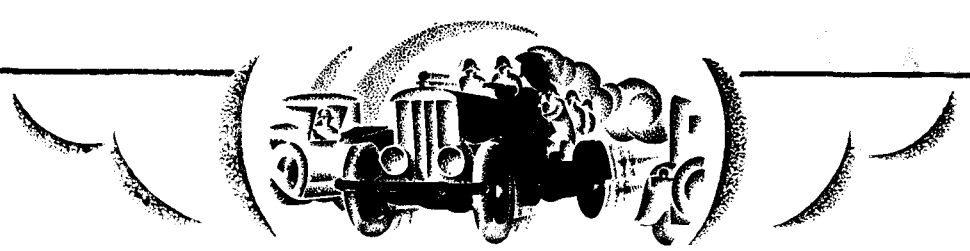

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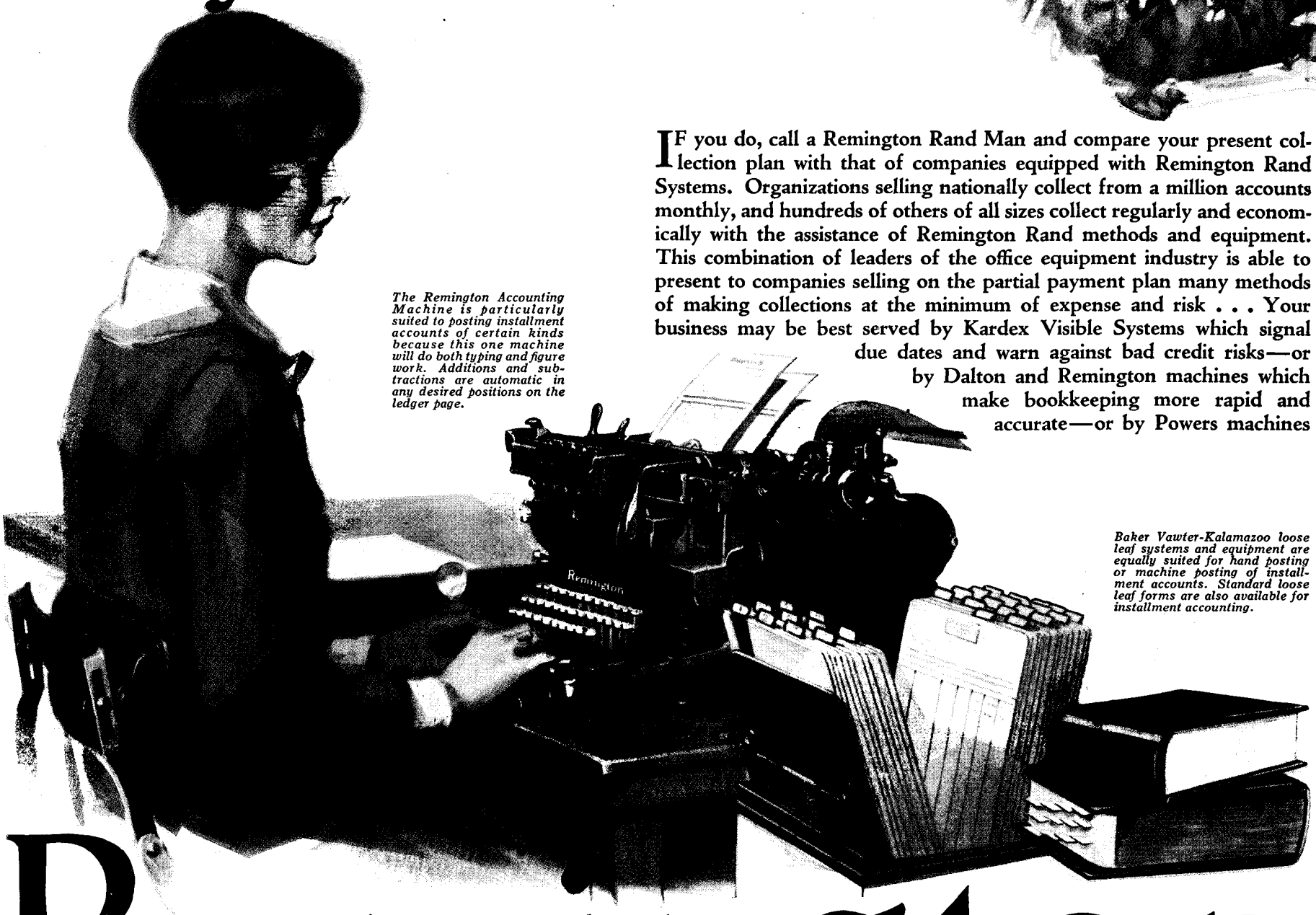

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The Thunder God

Ben Whitton had walked many miles over hill and dale in the wilderness—accumulating aches, blisters and wood ticks

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but during the war marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, who is not good enough for him.

His Uncle Jarlath leaves him $600,000, which he decides to use on some electrical experimentation—man-made thunder and lightning. He and a great friend, Ben Whitton, go into partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the *inheritance because of her extreme extravagance*, though Julian arranges a trust fund for her.

Julie and Ben are in an automobile collision with Jake Brander. Mercy, without Julie's knowledge, is playing around with Brander and is at the time with him. She escapes Julie's notice but not Ben's.

Julie, still in love with Mercedes, is just beginning to realize what she is really like. Among other things he finds that she is in debt and has lied to him about money.

Julie and Ben are to start off to Oregon to make a survey. She tips Jake off to valuable information concerning this survey. Julie leaves his wife just after he discovers her deceit concerning her debts. He cuts down her allowance.

Preparing to divorce Julie so that she can marry Jake, Mercedes establishes a residence in Reno, but Ben has her carefully watched.

BEN WHITTON had walked many miles over hill and dale in the wilderness of the land through which he was surveying the route for a railroad. The day had been unusually warm and, after the fashion of big men, he had perspired freely, accumulated an ache in each ankle, a blister on one heel and two wood ticks which had settled between his shoulder blades and dug in. To add to his discomfort he thought longingly of the bucking up a long cool highball might afford him, but, although he had whisky and a number of bottles of soda chilling in the snowy waters of an adjacent stream, his code forbade that he drink alone.

"Saturday night," he thought hopefully. "Julie's been gone a week with his crew, but he'll ride over to spend the week-end with me. He knows it would be a crime to make me ride a horse over to visit him at his camp. Two hundred and twenty pounds of civil engineer, plus forty pounds of saddle, would be no kindness to a nine-hundred-pound cayuse. Moreover, I have the mail . . . yes, he'll come. I've wished it."

He stripped, gave himself a hot, vigorous sponge bath from a bucket, doused a few buckets of snow water over his naked body, donned a striking suit of pajamas and an old dressing gown and thrust his aching feet into a tub of hot water which the cook brought him. Then he lit his pipe and made the disturbing discovery that he was breaking out with poison oak.

"Wretched inside and out," he mourned.

A horseman came in over the trail from civilization, bringing a large packet of mail. Whitton fell upon it, sorted out his own and laid Julie's on the latter's bed, after inspecting the envelopes carefully. There were two addressed in a woman's handwriting and the postmark showed they had been mailed in San Francisco.

"Ah! Playing the game, I see," Whitton decided. "Had a notion she would."

In his own mail he found a letter from Gloria Justin:

Dear Ben:

Nothing of particular interest at the office since you left. Have had two inquiries on new jobs, and have asked the people making the inquiry to write you direct. I have wired Haugh & Ballantyne, who are now well along on the irrigation job at San Ardo, to run over to both these prospects, look them over, make up independent estimates and forward their figures to you, together with a detailed report of the conditions.

Thanks so much for the offer of the use of your car. I accepted, for Mother's sake, and we enjoyed the week-end at Del Monte, but I paid my own expenses. Friendship will stand up under anything except financial encroachments.

I remembered that you are subject to attacks of poison oak when you go afield, so I am sending you, in this mail by parcel post, a quantity of sugar of lead and opium, with a prescription for using it. When the solution is as hot as you can stand it, dip a piece of heavy flannel in it and apply to the afflicted parts. I have also sent a roll of heavy flannel, otherwise you may be reduced to the grave extremity of sacrificing a shirt tail. Sincerely, GLORIA.

Ben Whitton kissed the letter. "Dear, thoughtful girl," he murmured. "A woman with the priceless gift of understanding and sympathy. Oh, Julie, Julie! You ass!"

He opened another large envelope from his office. In it was a smaller envelope, sealed, and another letter from Gloria, which read:

"I gave instructions that this report should be forwarded sealed. I have no interest in reading it and did not wish to be under the suspicion of having done so. The matter involved is none of my business, and sometimes I doubt very much if it is any of yours. The situation is one of great delicacy, and must be handled with greater delicacy, otherwise it is conceivable that a slip may involve complications between you and a certain party, and that would be terrible. Destroy this memorandum, and when you have read the report destroy that, as there is a carbon copy on file for future reference, if necessary."

BEN struck a match and burned Gloria's letter, then opened the sealed envelope, which was addressed to Gloria Justin. It was a report from an individual who styled himself Operative K and ran as follows:

"Following instructions, picked up subject at Palace Hotel, as subject was leaving for ferry depot. Ascertained from hotel porter that he had purchased for subject Drawing-room A, Train No. 16, Southern Pacific, with transportation to Portland, via Salt Lake City and Ogden, with one-day stop-over privilege at Reno. Followed subject in taxi to ferry depot and verified this information as subject passed through gate. Reported back to office."

A second sheet contained the report of Operative M:

"In conformity with telephone instructions, boarded train No. 16, Southern Pacific, at Verdi, first station west of Reno, at 8 A. M. 5th inst. Located subject in Drawing-room A. Left train with him at Reno, where he was met by a woman with whom he entered taxi and drove to apartment house No. 324 Washoe Avenue. Somebody started playing a violin shortly thereafter. At noon both parties left apartment and motored to road house in country for luncheon, returning at three to apartment. Have name of road house and list of dishes partaken of by both people there, but have not included it in this report. At seven o'clock subject drove to station with lady, who kissed him good-by. Subject departed on train 12 to continue journey, and operative ceased work on him then."

Ben Whitton's satisfied smile as he read this report could have been likened to nothing on earth, in the sky or under the sea, except a crocodile trying to laugh. He forgot his oak poisoning, his blistered heel, his wood ticks, his weariness, his mild urge for alcoholic stimulant. "Six o'clock, and all's well," he murmured and reached for an envelope that bore the (*Continued on page 30*)

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A Dollar a Mile

YEARS of valeting to 75,000,000 offhand dollars have given Mr. Bayline a philosophical password—"Let's go!" But even he thought it was carrying things too high, wide and handsome when the boss proposed the longest and most dangerous flight ever taken by a business man—Amsterdam to Java. However, Mr. Bayline saw it through.

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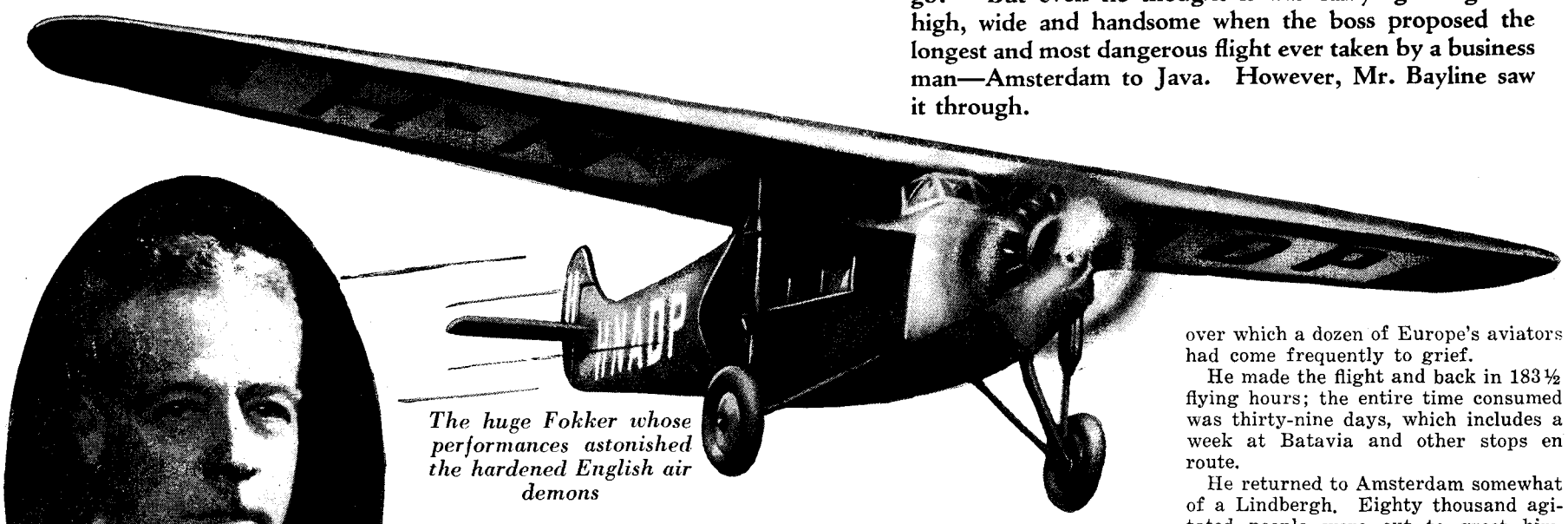
Van Lear Black, millionaire, who has flown around 37 countries



The huge Fokker whose performances astonished the hardened English air demons

By WALTER DAVENPORT

MR. BAYLINE, the ever-ready valet, makes short work of the story. "We're in London," says he. "The boss says to put some things in a bag because we're going to Amsterdam to see a party.

"'Then we ain't going home,' I says.

"'Put some things in a bag,' he says; 'we're going to Amsterdam.'

"I put enough things in to do him to Berlin, anyway, because there's never any telling. . . . We're in Amsterdam. We stop for a minute while the boss talks to two heavy-set guys, and next we're in Shiphol. Shiphol's a flying field just outside of Amsterdam. We go up to an airplane the size of a Pullman, and the boss says to get in and I get in. The two heavy-set guys get down in the driver's seat, and then the boss gets in."

Mr. Bayline paused, letting his gaze wander over a large map of Europe, Asia and the Malay Archipelago as a man who regards his past with lukewarmth but no real regrets. There was a dreamy far-flung look, such as sailormen have, in his fine blue eyes.

"Quite a bit later," he sighed, "we're in Amsterdam again. . . . I'll say this for it, though: we seen something."

Thus, unless strongly urged, Mr. Bayline dismisses epic material which Sinbad might not have ignored. An excellent valet, Mr. Bayline is never astonished. Inasmuch as the boss is now contemplating a couple of voyages either of which will make the one about which you read here a lover's-lane ramble, Mr. Bayline is near to boredom when this one is mentioned.

His boss is Van Lear Black of Baltimore, one of America's richest men. He owns newspapers, banks, financial institutions and square miles of land which none but multimillionaires or syndicates thereof may seriously contemplate. Nobody but Mr. Black is going to object much if you should enumerate his millions at seventy-five. And if you were to seek out that man who would seem least likely to have prolonged his first airplane trip to a traipse of 50,000 miles through thirty-seven countries you might be excused for stopping at Van Lear Black. In manner and appearance there is nothing to suggest the adventurer. He is fifty-two years old.

He had never been aboard an airplane before March 1, 1927. He feared airplanes to the extent of shuddering when they soared over his head. Perhaps it was Commander Richard E. Byrd who dragged him out of his landbound security.

Byrd had flown to the North Pole and had returned $27,000 in debt. Someone told Byrd that there was a shy millionaire in Baltimore who hated flying but loved a good sport and envied the Marco Polo spirit. So Byrd went to Black, and Black merely asked the size of the deficit and paid it.

It took some time for the seed Byrd sowed to sprout. It was not until March 1, 1927, that Black, in Europe on business, elected to fly to Cairo.

He Contracts Air Fever

HE HAD a friend in Cairo, and in his opinion it was necessary to see that friend quickly. The railway and steamship agencies in London told him that it would require five days to put him in Cairo, what with train and steamship connections. So Black chartered an airplane which accomplished the journey in two and a half days.

That started it. The fever was highly progressive. Having talked to his friend in Cairo, Black decided that there was but one way for a business man to travel, and to be sure that he was not jumping at conclusions he proceeded to put his theory to tests which took him to France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Sweden—to save your time, every country in Europe except Russia. Mr. Black had been told that Russia frequently scoffs at American millionaires.

At any rate, his test flights ate up 15,000 miles of European air, and then he began to think of home. Of course he would fly home, stopping at Iceland, Greenland and Newfoundland if need be.

But the Royal Dutch Airways, which owned the plane and supplied the pilots, replied that they would take no part in such a frantic American program. Not with their planes and pilots, anyway.

However, one does not fling aside an American millionaire like that. Something had to be done to satisfy this young yearning for the air, and for several days the Royal Dutch Airways was buried beneath heavy thinking. Suddenly Johann Scholte, one of the pilots, produced the required idea.

"Java," he cried. "Batavia. What about flying to Batavia?"

"Are you sure you know the way?" said Black.

And thus it came to pass that on June 15th Mr. Black set forth upon what was to be the first flight by a civilian, and one of the first flights by any man, from western Europe to Java and back, a journey of 20,000 miles over a course more perilous than that followed by Sir Ross Smith, the British airman who flew from London to Australia just after the war, and over which a dozen of Europe's aviators had come frequently to grief.

He made the flight and back in 183½ flying hours; the entire time consumed was thirty-nine days, which includes a week at Batavia and other stops en route.

He returned to Amsterdam somewhat of a Lindbergh. Eighty thousand agitated people were out to greet him. Upon his chest Queen Wilhelmina pinned the Order of Orange and Nassau, and one must be thought highly of by the Dutch to be thus honored—a boy at the dyke or an Admiral Tromp, for example.

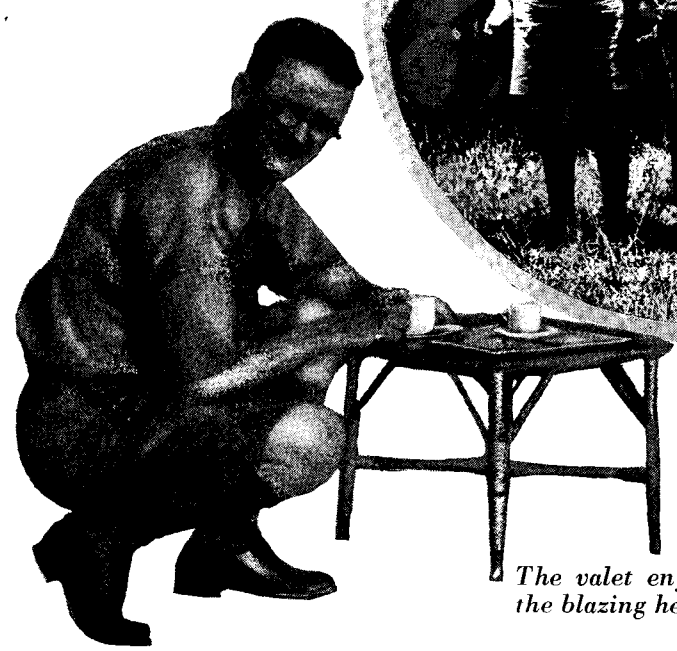
Other medals were given to him by citizens and societies, and he was wined and dined until Mr. Bayline, faithful soul, protested in the name of his master's liver.

But the zenith of a hero's honors was yet to come.

Gags, Hoofers and Dutch Cheers

HENVE and Riemember, who have yet to deny that they are Holland's Gershwin and White, produced, amid the furor, a musical revue called Hallo, Batavia, with the country's leading comedians appearing as Mr. Black and Mr. Bayline and a hoofing chorus which would have broken the hearts of the Tiller Girls. (*Continued on page 36*)

The indispensable pilots Geysendorffer and Scholte (right), with Mechanician August Weber between



The valet enjoying (?) himself in the blazing heat of the Syrian Desert

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 28

return address of David Dever. He read:

My dear Mr. Whitton:

I have, without revealing your identity, made the Brander Timber Company (Mr. Jacob Brander, Junior) an offer of $2.50 per thousand feet stumpage on the Brander timber, and also the Banning and Hale-Robinson timber which he holds under six months' option. He has declined the offer so vigorously that I feel it would be idle to pursue the matter further. I learn that he has invested $100,000 in these options; hence it would seem that it is his intention to exercise them.

Yours, etc. —— ——

"That man Brander," Mr. Whitton murmured, "is smarter than I gave him credit for being. Because of my carelessness in mentioning confidential business matters in the presence of Mercedes Grannis, he has been enabled to climb in on the ground floor, and it certainly looks to B. Fido Whitton, Esquire, as if the said B. Fido had unintentionally presented the fathead with about $5,000,000 worth of inside information. If Mercedes hadn't been careless, I'd never have known."

HE WAS a trifle uneasy over the situation. The railroad people had impressed upon him the necessity for discretion, for absolute silence regarding this important job. If it should ever be discovered that he had been unethical, even unintentionally, his standing in his profession would be seriously impaired.

Of course, once his suspicions had been aroused, he could not rest until he had confirmed them. For that reason he had sought out the broker, Dever, and asked him to communicate an offer to Jacob Brander. The refusal of this offer, with the further information that the timber was not for sale, was sufficiently convincing proof to Ben Whitton that Mercedes had betrayed him, and instantly Whitton's agile brain had leaped to a plan designed to frustrate Brander's additional use of the information. He would make the fellow pay for his fancies, at any rate—cause him to make a sizable bet if he really intended to sit in the game in a big way.

Hence Ben's request to Dever to sound out the Banning and Hale-Robinson interests before Brander could get in contact with them. Ben was shrewd enough to realize that two offers within a week on timber that had been unsalable for a quarter of a century would cause these owners to proceed with caution, to run the price up on Brander, to make him pay well for an option to purchase.

If Ben could not block Brander's use of the information conveyed to him by Mercedes Grannis, then he would see to it that the timber cost Brander double. Consequently, when Dever told him of Brander's operations, Ben did some more quick thinking.

Undoubtedly the railroad would be built. But before committing themselves to build, the railroad people would have to have ample assurances from the timber people that mills would be installed. If, at the very last, it should develop that the road was not going to be built, Brander would not exercise his options. Hence he would lose $100,000. Ben thought that would be very fine news, indeed, but if Brander could be induced to exercise his options and then discover that the railroad had abandoned its plans—well, that would be much finer news.

Ben had, through Dever, offered Brander a nice profit, knowing that it would be refused. The first offer is never accepted; the owner of a desirable property for which a sudden market has developed holds on to the last, playing one customer against the other until he regards himself as infallible in the matter of titanic business deals.

"In about a month," Mr. Whitton murmured, "I'll have Dever offer Brander twenty-five cents a thousand more. Little by little I'll raise my offer until I'm up to four or five dollars. Brander will refuse every offer, but he will use Dever's letters and telegrams to convince men to whom he desires to sell stock in his enterprise that the enterprise is sound and appreciating in value every day. If I can tease him along with good news of the projected railroad, but nothing very definite, he may get desperate and do one of two things: decline to exercise his options and pocket $100,000 loss, or take a chance, exercise the options and—well, after that Jake Brander will be in the lap of the gods, and I hope they prove malignant gods."

He burned all the letters relating to Mercedes Grannis.

Presently Julie rode into camp. He came to the door of Ben's living tent and said politely:

"You sent for me, Mr. Whitton?"

"I certainly did—and you've been a long time coming. Mail for you, kid."

Julie came in, sat down on his camp cot and read his letters. Ben, watching him covertly, saw that their contents were, apparently, not disturbing. Julie tucked them back in their envelopes and buttoned them into the breast pocket of his flannel shirt.

"I'm suffering from poison oak," Ben announced gloomily. "I'd be in a devil of a state in four or five days if Gloria hadn't remembered I'm subject to it. She's sent up some medicine and a recipe for using it. Take care of me, Julie, old son. I'm so tired a baby could beat me to death with a lead pencil."

Obediently Julie prepared the sugar of lead and opium solution and applied it, piping hot, to the rash on Ben's great abdomen. Then, when he saw the blister on the Whitton heel, he opened it, put iodine on it and taped it. With pincers he removed the wood ticks.

"A man who has been in the army and who knows what a blistered heel means, and who, nevertheless, persists in buying field boots that do not fit him—" Julie began.

"Field boots perfect. It's the damned socks. Gloria's dear old mother knitted them for me."

"Wasn't Gloria thoughtful to send up this dope?" said Julie. "But that's just like her. Not only thinks of the right thing to do but proceeds at once to do it."

"A man," Mr. Whitton murmured, "could take a chance and marry Gloria without bothering to be in love with her. That would come later—if a selfish sense of peace and comfort didn't kill it first."

Julie decided his friend was getting on dangerous ground. "You might ask me if I have a mouth, Ben," he suggested. "After the heat and the burdens of the day—"

"Ah, yes, old son. Attend to it. What's the good news from Mercedes?"

"Nothing of particular interest. Dull recital of dull events in a dull life. Old gal's lonesome."

AFTER supper they lay in their respective camp cots and discussed their work. From without came the sounds inseparable from such an expedition: the clatter of the camp cook's pans, the shuffle and snort and stamping of horses and mules, a stock wrangler's banjo accompanying an Italian roustabout, the rattle of poker chips in the big tent where Ben's youthful assistants had their abode.

For a long time Julie had lain listening to it and pulling silently at his pipe. Suddenly he said: "Sweet, isn't it?"

"What's sweet?"

"This life of ours. Doing big jobs for big people, making the world rock on its silly heels: hard work, rough food, good appetities—" He threw out a slim, artistic hand. "All this—life."

"Liberty!" Ben Whitton corrected, and they lapsed again into one of their long, comforting, revelatory silences. Then Julie spoke again:

"I've had an interesting week with my boys, Ben. Plenty of water in this country—oodles of it—yonder. I've found half a dozen power sites that would be worth millions in their undeveloped state, if one could only be certain of developing them and getting his hydroelectirc power to the bridgeheads of market. They're like this timber—inaccessible, hence valueless. I've found a canyon, with a bottle neck, at 6,000 feet, dropping 900 feet in a mile. Sheer hills on both sides. Three gorgeous sites for power stations. Lead your water from the dam at the bottle neck, down along the ridges of these hills, then drop it down a seventy-degree slope to the penstocks . . . Ben, there's a fair-sized little river running through that canyon now. In the winter the run-off must be tremendous . . . enough to tack a big irrigation project onto the power end of it if there's a way of leading the water through the hills down to some distant agricultural community, after it's gone through the power stations and done its appointed work."

"WHOSE land is it on, Julie?"

"I don't know."

"I'll find out. The information might come in handy some day."

"It will come in handy if somebody—I hope I shall be that somebody—can solve the problem of delivering 440,000 volts 500 miles, without interconnection with local steam plants. Two hundred and four miles and two hundred and twenty thousand volts is the record to date, I believe. And there's some loss in transit—seventeen volts to the mile. Got to save that loss in transit—got to deliver double the dose, double the distance over high transmission lines that will cost but little more per mile to build. Got to figure out a scheme to deliver voltage by the million."

"Any closer to solving the problem, Julie?"

"Good place to think about it up here, Ben. I think I am a little closer. Get a flash now and then. Pulled a new stunt just before I left the Western Sierras people, Ben. Took two 210 mercury lamps and after placing them side by side and three inches apart got a steady stream of juice between them—*without a wire*. Gives me an idea. I'm ordering a lot of junk which, when set up, will, I am confident, enable me to throw a synthetic thunderbolt of 3,600,000 volts twenty feet between two aluminum spheres. I've tried it on a smaller scale. Used an oscillograph to record photographs of it—two millionth of a second exposure—and discovered something that almost makes my reason totter on its throne. The pictures show tiny streams of light emanating from the metal in lines perpendicular to the spherical surface. I think they're electrons, issuing from the metal, speeding devils of power that suggest a physical change taking place in the aluminum under the intensity of the charge. I must study this more. It holds incalculable possibilities. I'm going to get six big condensers of the latest type. They're reservoirs of energy. I'll charge them all together—on rank, at 600,000 volts each ("crest")—and discharge them simultaneously in single file to net 3,600,000 volts of short duration—say, two micro-seconds. That ought to bring out flocks of electrons. You see, Ben, there are about 15,000 electrons running amuck in each cubic inch of air, and when 3,600,000 volts come along they get a knock-out wallop."

(Continued on page 32)

That's Talk

WHEN Captain F. W. Gardiner of the steamer H. G. Drees (Tampa, Fla.) returned from a recent cruise, he found that he had missed an issue of Collier's containing a Mississippi River story by Roark Bradford. A man of action, the captain wrote Collier's immediately and asked for the copy, thoughtfully enclosing an overdose of stamps. "Roark Bradford's stories are as true as river life itself," he said.

You need no better assurance that "Itching Heel" on page 12 is an authentic picture of Amos the Worthless. Moreover, this story and others by Roark Bradford will introduce to you a vocabulary much of which is strange to all save dwellers in the Bradford country.

There is "stingaree," for instance. That's an intangible charm which enables a woman to hold a man against his will. "Drag" means haul, frequently in connection with steamboat cargo. "Simlin-headed" refers to an edible vegetable of the gourd family something like an egg. "Texas" is one of the upper decks of a steamboat. The name is supposed to have evolved before the admission of Texas to the Union. The passenger cabins were named after different states. A few extra cabins were built above the principal passenger or "state" deck and this additional deck was the texas. About the same time probably the portions of some seacoast hotels which projected over the water and housed bars, card and billiard rooms and bachelor apartments came to be known as the "texas" of the hotel.

Jaybird heels and Jayfooted refers to the over-prominent heels common among the very black rust- or smooth-skinned Negroes (as distinguished from the shiny blacks). The Jaybird dance is a heel-and-foot affair in which the dancer moves sideways. It has been adopted as a part of such modern dances as the Charleston, Black Bottom, Stomp and Sally. The foreman of the roustabouts, or freight handlers, is known as the driver. Also as the head-man, hecoon, old man, old Harry—depending upon his character and habits.

Oh, well, laugh and learn, as they say. And a favorite way to do it is by reading Roark Bradford's authentic Negro stories—which are only a part of the features which have contributed to Collier's astounding leap to more than 1,600,000 circulation.

THE EDITOR.

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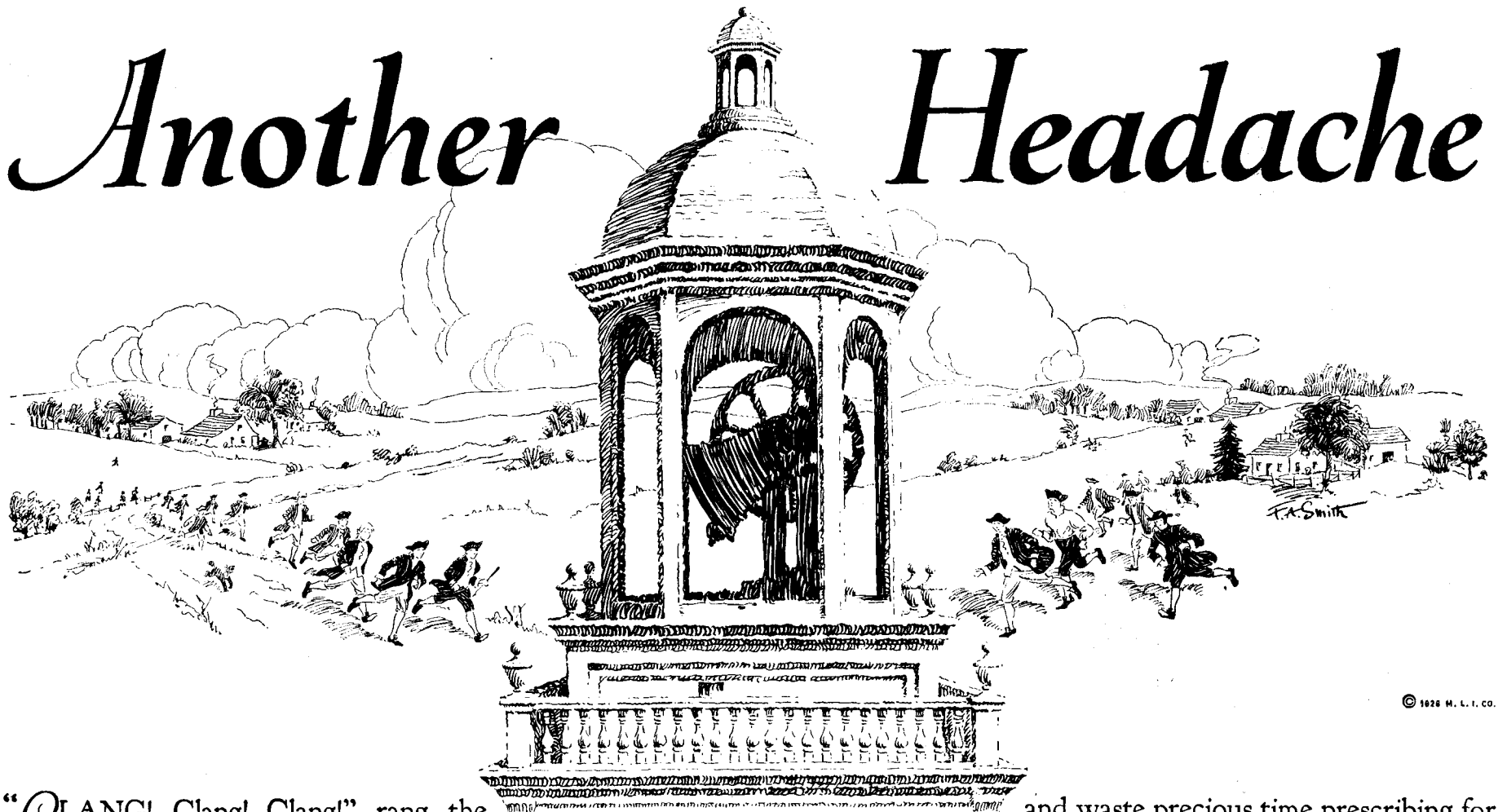
Another Headache



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"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger—usually FIRE!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him—thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying an important message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of unhealthy conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eye-strain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

"The humblest and least distinguished of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and the head has no alternative but to obey."

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit-forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or over-excite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a chance to find the cause of your headache. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 7-8-C.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

Indigestion
Fatigue
Impure air
Eye-strain
Nose or sinus trouble
Infected teeth
Incorrect posture
Infectious and contagious diseases
Nervous disorders
Emotional strain
Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder
Intestinal difficulties
Foot trouble
And many other abnormal conditions

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 30

"All of which leads up to what, Julie?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I'll never find out. But I'll monkey with the idea, hoping it may lead to something. A heap of fun, anyhow."

Julie sat up on his bed. "I tell you, Ben, the secret will come out. It can't remain bottled up. I wish my mind was free to grapple with the monster, to the exclusion of all other mundane things."

"You should never have married, old son."

"Yes," Julie admitted sadly, "marriage, the fight for bread and butter, are hobbles on the creative mind."

Ben Whitton's deep, ironical chuckle filled the tent. "Stay up here in the woods, after your survey is finished, and lie abed and starve to death," he urged. "Nobody will disturb you. Think till it hurts, hombre. The way to do a thing is to do it. Be ruthless. Brook no opposition to a job worth while. Nothing else matters."

"A fine slogan in theory, Ben." Julie's mood was still serious. "When the problem is solved, two bright boys, knowing what they know, might grab off these power sites I've been giving a cursory investigation. A recommendation by me would make Capital sit up and scratch its ear. Might get them financed and sit in on a cut of the pie, eh, Ben?"

"What's in your mind, boy friend?"

"I think," Julie replied slowly, "I'll take you over to these sites when your railroad job is done. I'll make estimates of cost for the power stations, select the sites for them. Then you and your gang can select the dam site, and estimate the cost of dams and ditches."

"You mean we should spend a lot of our own money making a puncture-proof set-up to exhibit to Wall Street, on the chance that some day this natural resource will be available?"

"I mean we'll spend some of my money."

"That's different."

"It's a job for one electrical engineer and one civil engineer—and those two must be men who can trust each other. These dam and power station sites, this whole drainage area, will be available at a very low price, if we act before the world realizes what has happened. The stream I have in mind flows into the Columbia River. There are no agricultural lands riparian to it—according to the map. Water rights will not cost much, as such rights go nowadays. We'll figure this whole thing out to a feather edge, prepare everything, have our detailed reports ready—and when the time comes we can act in jig time."

"We will be here much longer than we anticipated," Ben Whitton replied. And that was all of his acceptance.

Julie looked at him with real affection. "Thanks for your great faith," he answered.

JACOB BRANDER for sixty days had been as busy as the proverbial one-armed man saddling a colt. To all overtures he had turned a deaf ear, but they excited him nevertheless and inculcated in him very firmly the belief that at last he had embarked upon a deal that would not only win back for him all the money he had lost in other speculations, but enable him to achieve the dearest wish of his heart: i. e., increase the fortune his father had left him.

Before he could set to work actively upon a deal he had outlined, however, there was that distressing matter of his divorce from Mrs. Brander. What a fool he had been to permit her to stampede him into a pre-divorce settlement! He should have opposed her. He might have known she was bluffing. But why weep over spilled milk? Nothing now remained, in so far as she was concerned, save the Paris divorce, and in this matter Mrs. Brander was kind enough to give him ample notice of the date of the trial.

He jumped to New York, caught a steamer for Cherbourg and was in Paris six days later. The following day the mummery and humbug of a French divorce was got over with. That night he and his ex-wife dined pleasantly at Voisin's; the following day he flew to Southampton, caught a steamer home and hopped from New York to Chicago, where he called upon the president of the O. R. N., only to be informed that the Chicago office had no information on the subject so close to the Brander heart. The Portland office was in charge of that detail. He was assured, however, that whatever the Portland office recommended would undoubtedly be acted upon.

Thereupon Brander visited several old friends of his father's in Michigan and Wisconsin and laid the details of his proposition before them. He besought an investment by them "on the ground floor," but they were old men for whom the lure of dollar chasing had lost much of its glamour: for various reasons they declined to join Brander in making up a syndicate. So back he went to New York and for two weeks talked with various financial houses and bankers. Finally he so impressed the head of one huge bond house that assurance was given him that if, upon investigation, his statements appeared to be substantiated—if they could satisfy themselves that the O. R. N. was going to build into the timber and thus make it accessible to market—there would be no difficulty in floating a bond issue to provide funds to pay for the timber, erect sawmills, etc., and provide necessary operating capital.

Brander saw that they were genuinely interested. And why not? They would sell the bonds to the public at par and retain ten points for their services.

Greatly heartened, therefore, Jacob Brander rushed to Portland, Ore., where he gathered about him millwrights, experienced sawmill operators and salesmen from sawmill-machinery houses, electrical engineers, etc., and for another month worked twelve hours a day making up his estimates. He made a liberal allowance for items not foreseen and forwarded his set-up to the New York bond house, together with his old cruising reports, his abstracts of title brought up to date and half a dozen additional offers from timber brokers, to prove that the timber he purposed deeding to the Brander Timber Company now had a present market value of $4 per thousand feet stumpage, or just 100 per cent over its cost.

HE NOW had time to call upon Gruber, the resident vice president and general manager of the O. R. N. Mr. Gruber received him very cordially.

"Well," Brander queried, "what news have you for me?"

"Looks as if we're going to build."

"Good. I'm all set to provide lumber freight. I've been working on this deal and have it practically financed."

"Bond issue?"

Brander nodded. "Booth, Kunze & Morrow of New York."

"Will they take the entire issue?"

"They haven't definitely promised, but they are much interested. They will have my set-up before them in two days and will then make a decision."

"Well," Gruber replied, "they're able to do anything they say they'll do. When you have your contract signed with them, come in and see me again. All that we require is assurance that your mills will be built and operated; then we'll fly to it."

"Great! By the way, would your people consider building logging spurs to freight our logs down to the mills? That would be additional freight for you—and you already have all the necessary equipment."

"I feel assured we would, Mr. Brander."

"Thank you. Well, as soon as I have completed my deal with Booth, Kunze & Morrow we'll get together again. How about the hydroelectric development in that country? My mills would, of course, be electrically driven."

Gruber looked at him keenly. "What makes you ask that question, Brander? The hydroelectric end of this deal is one we are not interested in. That's a matter for you to look into."

"I thought," Brander replied innocently, "that it was a phase of the situation your people were much interested in, because it has a distinct bearing on the economic operation of the mills. The electrically driven sawmill is cheaper and far less expensive to operate than a steam-driven plant, and naturally your people are interested in seeing that the sources of your revenue from lumber and log freights can be operated at a profit, which means that they must be operated economically. And if you didn't have this in mind, why did you employ the finest electrical engineer in the country—Julian Grannis—to investigate and make a report to you?"

Gruber laughed. "You seem rather well primed with inside information, Brander. Well, I'll admit we have made such an investigation and Grannis' report is most favorable. How much have you allowed, in your estimates, for the installation of a hydroelectric plant, etc.?"

"Nothing. But I allowed a million dollars for items unforeseen."

"That will more than cover it, according to the report we have from Grannis. Mind letting me see a copy of your set-up?"

Brander smilingly handed it to him. "I'll study it—let our own experts glance over it," Gruber replied. "Look in on me in thirty days."

THIRTY days later Brander was back, and upon Gruber's desk he laid a signed contract between the Brander Timber Company and the bond house of Booth, Kunze & Morrow, whereby the latter agreed to furnish the necessary capital in exchange for thirty-year 6 per cent first-mortgage bonds on timber lands, plant, etc. Gruber read it through slowly and carefully.

"I am instructed to commence work on the railroad as soon as assured of your ability to finance."

"You'll notice that this contract with Booth, Kunze & Morrow provides for its nullification in the event that you should decide not to build."

"I noticed that. Well, we're going to build."

"I suppose the Brander Timber Company ought to enter into some sort of contract with the O. R. N., whereby the former agrees to erect sawmills and furnish certain minimum tonnage for the railroad, which, on its part, binds itself to build the road."

"My very dear Mr. Brander!" Gruber was smiling. "You have furnished acceptable evidence of your sincerity and ability to perform, and we have accepted your word that you will perform. The O. R. N. is, as you know, quite able to finance this branch road, and you have been assured—indeed, you have had rather excellent assurances—of our interest in the enterprise. Moreover, I have just assured you that we will perform our part. In fact, we are anxious to and have merely been awaiting the fulfillment of your plans. A contract is not necessary, and I doubt if our people will consider entering into one. You'll have to take our word for it."

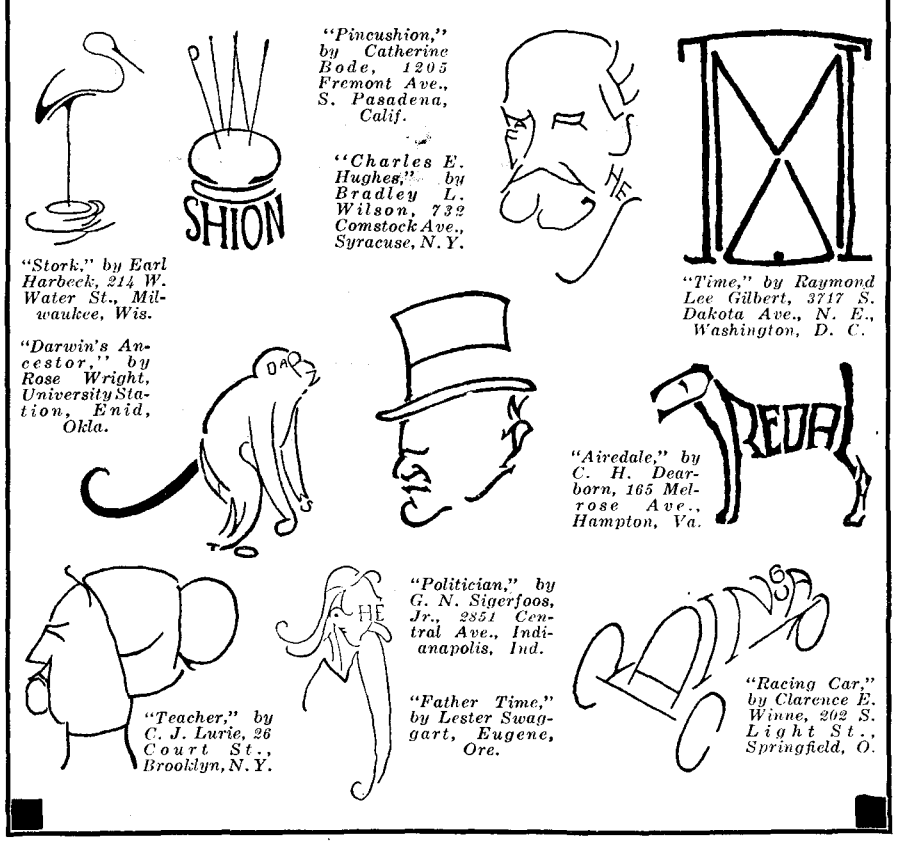
"When will you commence work?"

"Immediately. We will start at once to build our camps, arrange for labor, build roads and get our equipment in. That should be sufficiently convincing to you, Mr. Brander."

(Continued on page 34)

NAMEOGRAPHS

WHETHER you're heading for the mountains or the sea, this summer, don't forget to pack a pad and a flock of well-trained pencils. Wouldn't it be terrible if you got there and hadn't your Nameograph tools? Sure as you forget 'em, you'll get ideas as clever as those on this page. We pay $5 each for acceptable ones. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You can get an intriguing book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs from your bookseller or direct from Reilly & Lee, Chicago, for $1.35.



"Stork," by Earl Harbeck, 214 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Pincushion," by Catherine Bode, 1205 Fremont Ave., S. Pasadena, Calif.

"Charles E. Hughes," by Bradley L. Wilson, 732 Comstock Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

"Time," by Raymond Lee Gilbert, 3717 S. Dakota Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.

"Darwin's Ancestor," by Rose Wright, University Station, Enid, Okla.

"Airedale," by C. H. Dearborn, 165 Melrose Ave., Hampton, Va.

"Teacher," by C. J. Lurie, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Politician," by G. N. Sigerfoos, Jr., 2851 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Father Time," by Lester Swaggart, Eugene, Ore.

"Racing Car," by Clarence E. Winne, 202 S. Light St., Springfield, O.

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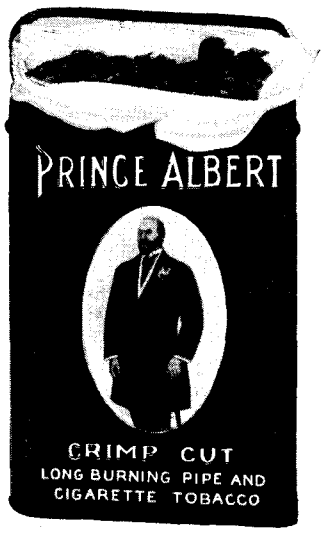
You're what I call a friend

OLD PIPE, we've pal'd around together for years. You've bucked me up when the other side was getting the breaks. And you've helped me celebrate when we were winning. In return, I've tried to give you a square deal, too. I've bought you the best tobacco I could get—Prince Albert.

You've never had to produce an alibi, Old Pipe, even when you were new and inexperienced. For Prince Albert has given me everything I want in a smoke. Fragrance . . . an aroma that never fails to thrill as I open the tidy red tin. Mildness . . . a genuine gentleness that is always kind and considerate.

Between the two of you, I am perfectly satisfied. I have traded experiment for experience. It's all settled. I don't even have to say "P.A.," except when I'm in a strange town. The man knows my brand. And he tells me that the P.A. fans are the great majority. We can understand that, *eh?*



This tin contains TWO full ounces of what every pipe needs.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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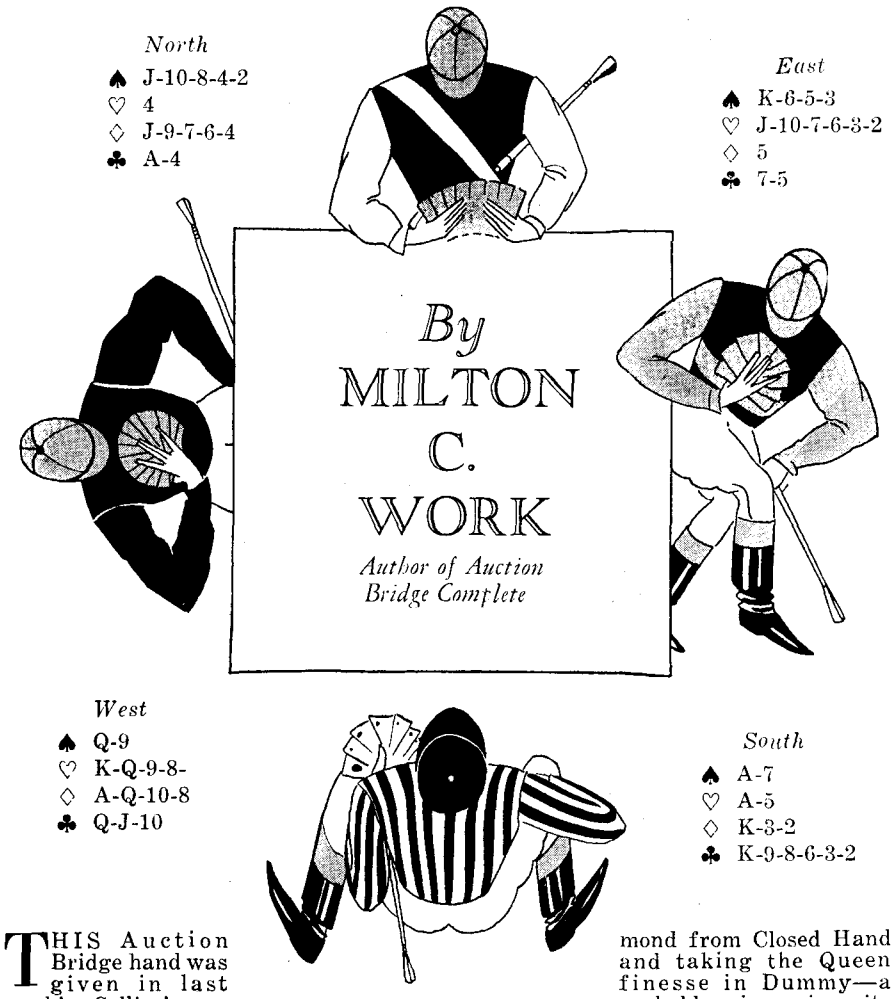
How would you play it?



THIS Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's.

South, estimating the value of his hand by the 4-3-2-1 count, bid a No Trump. West followed with an informatory double. He planned to bid two No Trumps if East answered his double with two Spades. It is not safe for a doubler to permit his partner to play at a Major contract named in answer to the informatory double when the doubler has only two cards of the Major suit. North was anxious to show both his Spade and Diamond suits, but both were weak: he ran the comparatively slight risk that East would make a Business Pass, and postponed his bidding.

East, delighted to hear his partner's double, answered with two Hearts; passes from South and West followed.

North now had his chance to show his hand accurately by bidding two Spades; and East bid three Hearts.

Again South and West properly passed, and now came North's greatest trial. Should he pass or show his second suit? Appreciating that he was taking a big chance, he bid four Diamonds.

After North's four Diamonds, it was East's turn to be embarrassed: his first bid was comparatively meaningless and his second hardly showed the great assistance his hand must furnish to a doubling partner, who had shown his satisfaction with East's selection. East therefore bid four Hearts, and South grasped the chance to make a free double.

The Play

SOUTH opened with the Ace of Spades; West (Dummy) played the Nine, North the Deuce and East the Trey. A shift to Diamonds (North's other suit) was inadvisable in view of Dummy's cards; and, as South had been educated not to lead from a King, he did not like to open Clubs, so he continued his Spades. Dummy played the Queen, North the Four. East rose to the emergency. He had already lost one Spade trick, and the Ace of trumps was against him, so his doubled contract would be defeated if he lost two Clubs. It was quite clear that if West won with the Queen of Spades and led trumps, the adversaries would win with the Ace and then be sure to lead Clubs.

Therefore East's only chance for game lay in immediately leading a Diamond from Closed Hand and taking the Queen finesse in Dummy—a probable winner in spite of North's belated Diamond bid, because of South's initial No Trump and North's failure to bid on the first round. Obviously the play would cost a trick if North held the King of Diamonds, but the chance of making game was well worth the risk. There was but one way for East to obtain the lead in order to try the Diamond finesse: that was by overtaking West's Queen of Spades.

So East won West's Queen of Spades, led his singleton Diamond to trick 3, and finessed in Dummy. When the finesse won, he led his Ace of Diamonds, discarded a losing Club and so made four-odd, losing only to the three adverse Aces.

Allowing East all his laurels, I think that the opportunity to make game was presented to him by South. North's play of the Deuce of Spades was a clear message, "Do not continue Spades." What, then, could North wish led? Certainly not trumps, and certainly not Diamonds, so it must be Clubs. Assuming that North's shift signal showed that he had not the King, was not South in a position to assume from North's bidding that he must have the Ace of Clubs—the only possible justification for his bidding a weak two-suiter so persistently? There seemed to be no reason why South should not have led a small Club at trick 2 and robbed East of the opportunity to make a clever play and game would have been saved.

■

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. Q-10-9	S. 8-6-2
H. K-Q-J-6	H. 9-5-2
D. A-K-3	D. J-10-8-5-2
C. A-8-2	C. K-10
West	*South*
S. K-4	S. A-J-7-5-3
H. A-3	H. 10-8-7-4
D. 9-7-6-4	D. Q
C. J-9-7-5-3	C. Q-6-4

The Thunder God

Continued from page 32

"It will be. Booth, Kunze & Morrow must also be convinced before they accept the bonds."

"You're bonding the property for exactly what most of it cost you, so the basic security is O. K., isn't it? Railroad or no railroad, those bonds will be sold. You do not have to worry over Booth, Kunze & Morrow. They're out to make money by selling bonds for which they accept no responsibility, and that's the only reason why they took you in. You showed a good set-up."

When Brander's options had but thirty days more to run he knew that the railroad was going to be built. He visited the camps of the O. R. N., observed the preliminary work upon which the company was engaged, took dozens of photographs of it, and went on to New York, where he secured a million dollars on a block of bonds covering the Brander Company's holdings. With this money in bank he hurried back to Portland and exercised his options on the Hale-Robinson and Banning properties and, since he planned to bond these properties later, he paid for them in full and took title in fee.

However, the million dollars he had raised in New York was not sufficient to do this, so he made up the deficit from his own fortune—and that cost him another million, which he was hard put to to get together.

"No sense in borrowing this money from Booth, Kunze & Morrow until I need it," he decided. "I can't set about the erection of mills and power plants until the railroad has been completed and I am enabled to freight my stuff in and start building."

He opened an office in Portland and appointed a general manager.

He had six months to wait. Therefore, with the pressure of urgent business relieved, his thoughts turned to Mercedes Grannis. He had written her on an average of twice a week, until some six weeks previous, when a telegram from her had warned him not to write her again until she advised him; that certain precautions were necessary due to complications which she would advise him of when she saw him.

He was not a good correspondent, and this freedom from the duty of writing her, at a time when he had little time to think of her, pleased him. "Sensible girl," he soliloquized. "Knows her way about. Too wise to tag after a busy man until his rush is over."

UPON the completion of his survey Ben Whitton had moved his camp over into the country where Julie had reported the hydroelectric possibilities and set his men to work on that job, while he took a flying trip back to San Francisco to look after some important matters which had, of necessity, been rather neglected during his absence.

From the ferry depot he went direct to his office, let himself in through the door of his private office, tossed his bag in a corner, sat in at his desk—and pressed a push button for his secretary.

Gloria entered and started, in surprise, at sight of her chief.

"Hello, Gloria," he greeted her, and, half rising, held out his hand. "What's new?"

"I'm so glad you've come, Ben." Gloria sat down. "When is Julie coming back?"

"Oh, in a couple of weeks. We're working on a private job. I'm going back in four or five days to help finish it up. Why?"

She ignored his query. "Was he—in—good spirits when you left?"

"Merry as a meadow lark."

"Then he hasn't heard?"

"You mean bad news from Mercedes?" She nodded.

"Apparently not, Gloria. What's doing?"

"She's suing him for a divorce in Reno, alleging mental cruelty and incompatibility."

Ben smiled widely. "Well, we figured she would do that, didn't we? Why get excited over it? She hasn't been able to get personal service on Julie, so she's hung up until that detail has been attended to. Then Julie may take a notion to fight her plea for a divorce. There's quite as much sanity and justice dealt out in the Nevada courts as in states where the divorce laws are not so flexible."

"She doesn't have to get personal service on him. She can secure service by publication: ninety days in a weekly newspaper of general circulation in the county where the suit is brought. At the end of that period, if he hasn't answered the suit, she can secure a divorce by default."

"How many times has the notice appeared?"

"Three. The detective agency reported to me. I hadn't instructed it to, but it caught the notice and sent it to me on general principles."

BEN WHITTON sat back in his chair and drummed on his desk with his stubby big fingers. "Well," he rumbled presently, "God's good, isn't he? Ordinarily I wouldn't say a word to Julie about this, but just let Nature take her course until the bright day when he wakes up and, to his vast surprise, finds himself a divorced man. But—"

"You must advise him, Ben. It isn't fair to him. He'd never forgive you—or me."

"How is he going to find it out? Even Mercedes doesn't know that you and I know she is in Reno, and why. She'll marry Brander, I dare say, the day after her divorce is granted. Ordinarily, Gloria, that would be water on my wheel, but, unfortunately, it isn't—just now. Brander's just gone into a huge timber deal and stands to make more money than some folks have hay." He looked up at the girl quizzically. "Somehow I don't quite relish the idea of Mercedes marrying such a potential bank roll. And I've changed my mind about Brander. I think he's much too good for Mercedes—the abandoned, heartless, mercenary, scheming cat! I'm going to bust up her combination, expose her to Julie, break his brittle heart right in two, infuriate him and induce him to sue her for a divorce in this state. That will require time—say eighteen months before she will be free to marry Brander—and by that time the fat fool may change his mind."

And suddenly Ben Whitton laid his head on his desk and commenced to laugh immoderately. "Oh, Gloria," he gasped, "what a finale to that woman's schemes! Julie has a fortune, and she doesn't know it, so she's playing for a fortune from Brander. If I can euchre her out of both fortunes and both men, I shall feel that my sojourn on this earth has not been in vain. Whatever happens, Julie's bound to suffer. No matter from what direction the blow comes, it's going to knock him to a parade rest! So why hesitate? I'm going to stop these divorce proceedings and do it now."

He drew a small black memorandum book from his vest pocket and searched through it for an address. "Take telegram," he ordered.

Mrs. Julian Grannis,
324 Washoe Avenue, Reno, Nevada.

I have my eye on you Mercedes Stop Before you proceed further in your literary endeavors come down to San Francisco and see me because there is blood on the moon and when I am aroused I am terrible Stop Kill that notice you are running in the Argus Stop Julie is still up north but a wire from me will bring him running and then what a fall will there be, my countrywoman Stop He can get enough on you from me to hang you Stop Cheerio.

B. FIDO WHITTON.

"You're going to prevent her divorce?" Gloria could not believe what he had dictated.

"You bet I am, my dear," he replied cheerfully. "I'm a dirty old pup. When a tramp shows up around my shack I never bark. I bite."

(*To be continued next week*)

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"Noise is...on every Employer's Payroll" *Roger Babson*

The Mellon National Bank —Pittsburgh, acoustically treated by Johns-Manville.

Babson's Reports No. B-300 of February 28, 1928, says—

"*Reduce Industrial Noise.* The increasing seriousness of industrial noise as a drag on efficiency, presents a problem to which most clients have paid little attention. Both in the factory and in the office the increasing volume and intensity of sound has reached a point where it ceases to be merely a nuisance and becomes a definite economic liability. As a result, efficiency has been reduced and production slowed up. Wherever office-quieting treatments have been installed there has been a decided improvement in efficiency. Wherever brains are active, noise costs money.

"*We urge clients to examine the acoustic conditions in the various rooms of their office and plants. Noise is today on every employer's payroll. Much of it can and should be removed.*"

We can take noise off your payroll..

Just as science has learned to deal with the invisible in so many forms it has mastered *NOISE.* The course of sound waves in any room, regardless of its size or shape, with study becomes clear to Johns-Manville Acoustical Engineers.

Years of study and experience have won for us a position as leading technicians in the whole matter of sound control, a subject otherwise almost completely neglected.

And our engineers not only know how and where the unseen sound waves travel, but they have devised a marvelous substance low in cost, simple to install — yet which soaks up office noise as a blotter absorbs ink. No longer is it necessary to tolerate noise which interferes with efficiency or comfort.

Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment fulfills the requirements of an ideal sound-absorbing finish. 1. It is an excellent light reflector. 2. It can be washed or painted without affecting the sound-absorbing qualities of the material. 3. It is the *most efficient* sound-absorbing material on the market today, consequently the *cheapest per sound-absorbing unit.* 4. It is fire-resisting.

In a great number of important buildings, Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment applied to ceilings, or walls and ceiling, has made unusable offices pleasant places in which to work, has stifled the nerve-racking noises of hospitals, or corrected entirely an echoing auditorium.

We have been consulted on Auditorium Acoustics for Years

The Johns-Manville Acoustical Division offers a free service to architects planning auditoriums. Architects of practically every large church, theatre or auditorium built in this country for years have consulted us. This service aims to aid in the designing of acoustically correct auditoriums regardless of whether any Johns-Manville materials are required.

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New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco
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Please send me your new booklet describing acoustical treatment for offices.

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MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

ACOUSTICAL TREATMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

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A Dollar a Mile

Continued from page 29

Not that Mr. Black's Java flying was a junket, a stunt, a joy ride, a whim or a caprice. It was the result of a calmly arrived at decision to demonstrate the business trip of the future. It was made in a luxurious ship, built to carry twelve passengers, but made even more comfortable by rearrangement for four. With Mr. Black were the indispensable Mr. Bayline, pilots Gerrit Geysendorffer and Johann Scholte and a mechanician, August Weber.

As a demonstration of how economically a trip to Java may be made it was not a noteworthy achievement. Mr. Black was in holiday humor. The twenty thousand miles cost him somewhere between $15,000 and $20,000, which figures should exert a depressing effect upon the ordinary business man however he might value time. Yet the trip might be made for far less—to which assurance Mr. Black's audiences invariably reply that it will have to be. His European hops before the Java trip cost him about 30 cents a mile—for transportation only, of course.

But as a gilt-edged and heavily embossed adventure it was a success hardly to be hoped for.

The H-NADP set forth on a carefully selected morning, following the Danube, which flowed a bilious yellow instead of its highly advertised blue, to Vienna and Budapest, and crossed the Transylvanian Alps at 10,000 feet, Mr. Bayline immediately developing a chill which even cognac failed to allay.

Crossing the Bosporus

ADRIANOPLE was passed. Ahead lay the Sea of Marmora and to the left the minarets of Constantinople, eighteen kilometers out of which badgered city, on the flying grounds of San Stefano, Mr. Black and his suite came to earth to find that they had erred if they had thought that the Turks would be glad to see them.

Just what was wrong is still a matter for much argument. In vain did Mr. Bayline assure the first of the Turkish officials to approach that the party was neither Greek nor Armenian. The Turk waved Mr. Bayline aside and stood off at a little distance, stroking his longhorn mustaches and regarding with obvious hostility the strange flag which fluttered from one of the windows of the plane. It was the flag of the Free State of Maryland, which seemed to convince the Turk that somebody had created a brand-new country to bedevil the Ottoman.

More Turkish officials arrived and fined the entire party $50 each and detained them a day, although not in jail, because in their opinion the weather in Asia Minor was not fit for flying.

"Nor for anything else," said Mr. Bayline.

Over the mouth of the Bosporus and past Scutari as though it were a plague the big Fokker sped straight for the Taurus Mountains, towering cloud-snuffed and so treacherous that the eagles won't fly the summits but take to the old Roman and Byzantine defiles which twist like snakes hunting refuge in the rocks.

Frequently the pass the Dutch pilots selected was not more than eighty feet wide. The wing spread of the Fokker was sixty feet. Twice its wing tips brushed yielding things—trees probably—and then suddenly it came out over Adana and the desolate flats of the Jihun.

"The only reason a guy could be glad to see Adana," says Mr. Bayline, "would be because he was out of the Taurus Mountains."

At Aleppo—the thermometer registering more than a hundred degrees in the infrequent shade and the air treacly with the heavy, ripe odors of the Kuwaik River gardens (miles of them)—*the French army flying officers all but* forbade Black and his men to go farther.

"The monsoons, the monsoons," they protested. "You're insane to try it. Only D'Oisy, Cobham and Pinedo have done it, and their planes were small, compact. This huge bus of yours will never see the Persian Gulf."

They *did* see the Persian Gulf, although they weathered a monsoon which killed birds on the wing and a dust storm which obliterated the midday sun and fetched them to earth clawing at their mouths because they were choking. But Bagdad first.

There was no question of whether they wanted to land at Bagdad; the heat made them. Across the Euphrates they flew into what seemed a wall of invisible fire—a wall as thick as western Mesopotamia is wide. The metal of the H-NADP became so hot that it was torture to touch it.

In boiling Bagdad, the thermometer registered 127 degrees. And they were much alarmed to find themselves shivering. Fever? The British doctors reassured them. It was merely that their body temperature was so much lower than Bagdad's despite the blaze they had flown through.

In Bagdad the British Government forbids their mechanicians to work in the heat of the day—a couple of hours at dawn, perhaps, and a couple more at dusk. But the engine of the H-NADP was ailing, and to get away from Bagdad was something to be worked for, and Weber, the mechanician, to whom British regulations meant nothing, went to work.

Through Persian Dust Storms

TWICE he fell unconscious as he toiled, but he fetched the engine back to working standard and was lifted aboard.

Over the Iraq desert the heat made Bagdad's seem mild, but it was not until the party reached Persia that they learned what heat plus sand plus dust can do. Leaving Bagdad, they had wrapped their watches in double thicknesses of cloth and stowed them away in their breast pockets which they buttoned down. Within five minutes after entering the dust storm the watches had stopped—dust-clogged.

The plane's instruments either clogged or went absurdly wild, and they flew through the storm by dead reckoning because neither compasses nor other guiding agencies remained in commission. It was worse than the fog of the Taurus Mountains. It was just as impenetrable for the eyes, but the fog left the instruments clear and did not choke you or fill your throat and lungs so that you spat mud. Goggles helped a little, not much. Before they came out of the storm their eyes were puffed, running, raw.

They flew at 14,000 feet through two such storms, five minutes apart, and the relative clearness between was even more dangerous because of the queer, sucking wind—or lack of wind.

"I've never yet been caught in a vacuum cleaner," says Mr. Bayline. "I don't need to after that. I felt like somebody was dragging my clothes up over my head."

At Karachi they met Denis Rooke of Australia, the first air hobo. He got the habit during the war when he flew for the Anzacs; and when the war ended Rooke decided that he could never be happy again if tied to the earth.

His last flight for his colors resulted in a crash; he had fetched a German Fokker and its pilot to earth, but in doing so had lost control of his own Sop-Camel. When he was discharged from the hospital he hunted down the remains of his plane, which had not fared as badly as he. He completed a dicker which made it his own, and he tinkered it into serviceability again.

"I'm going to Sydney," he said, "but not in a transport. I'm flying."

But the Sop-Camel didn't hang together long enough, and Rooke was stranded in Baluchistan, where he traded what remained of it for a Moth, *throwing in a service pistol and a pair* of boots. Several more or less important parts of the Moth were missing, but Denis Rooke couldn't afford to be particular. He could get it off the ground, and the missing parts were not necessary to keeping it there. But they were quite necessary to landing, and even Rooke had to land occasionally.

Weber, the mechanician, looked over Rooke's ship and dolefully shook his head. It had flown its last flight.

"Oh," sighed Rooke, "I'll get another, somehow. I'll get parts here and there, and I can salvage a bit of the Moth. It isn't that I'm without a plane so much as that I got attached to the damn' Moth. Nice little ship. But she's about done."

"Why don't you get back into the Royal Flying Corps?" he was asked.

"I've thought of that," he replied, "but when you fly for the Crown you fly where the Crown sends you. No freedom to that. No fun flying unless you can roam a bit."

He had about five dollars in money, and he had messed with the British garrison. He was making his bed near the wreck of the Moth. Tomorrow would take care of tomorrow.

"But I've got to get a plane . . . or the makings," he sighed. "After a man's flown a bit everything's changed for him down on the earth. He's not happy down here. Air's bad, lots of diseases. A chap's cramped."

Black, who a year before would have been unable to understand that, nodded comprehendingly. He would have given Rooke money, but Rooke shook his head.

Over the Indian Jungle

ONWARD again—the Indian desert—Jaipur—the Taj Mahal—Calcutta—over jungles heavily populated with tigers and the deadly cobra. Then, over Chittagong, their first tropical rainstorm, the first to show them what rain can be at its fiercest in the tropics. It was like bucking a mile-thick cataract.

Beneath was a jungle graveyard of a hundred airplanes and some of their pilots.

Far out of their course, the sky suddenly became crystal clear, and the rain ceased as if turned off by a hand. They had crossed the mountains without knowing it, and far beyond they saw the blue Gulf of Martaban and the hundred mouths of the Irrawaddy, slothfully undulating into the sea like serpents bent on suicide.

In Rangoon they saw airplanes which had come, like them, through the storm. Several of them had had the old-fashioned wooden propellers, but not now. The smash of the rain had splintered them.

They had been lucky to coast safely to earth.

Over Moulmein 'cross the bay, a thousand feet above the unexplored mountain masses of western Siam, to Bangkok. Then Burma and the Malay Peninsula, where, at Sengora, the huge H-NADP plunged into the mud and sand of what was called an airport. An elephant hauled it clear.

In raucous, tarnished Singapore they halted long enough to sniff the odors of all the world and then vaulted the islands of Riouw and crossed the equator, which crossing called for ceremony.

Mr. Bayline shook a cocktail and filled five glasses. To Black, Weber, Scholte and Geysendorffer he passed the tray. He took a glass himself. They set down their glasses, and each grasped in his left hand three small silken flags—Holland, the United States and the colors of the Free State of Maryland. In their right hands they lifted their cocktails.

Yoooh-h-h-h-h! Every hand on the ship was raised. The H-NADP was given her head because Scholte and Geysendorffer had no unoccupied hands to give to the controls.

Across the line with no hand to guide her, the ship sailed without swerve or buck—*for a moment only.* But thus a custom worthy of sustaining was born!

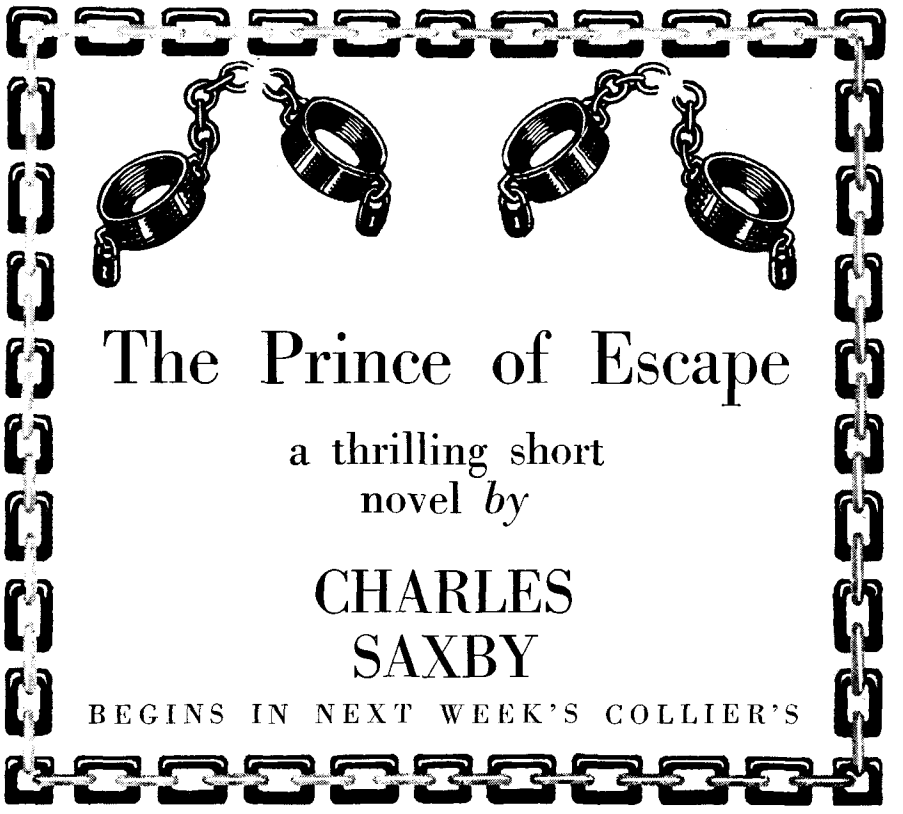
The beetling jungles of Sumatra, over which they flew so low that apes and birds screeched protests, were followed by the Sunda Straits, through whose warm waters a thousand pirates have fled.

And at last Java! Batavia, with 20,000 people singing the Dutch national anthem. . . . And after a week of Batavia they turned and flew back to Amsterdam over the same trails and mountains, through the same straits, passes and storms, to find that they were heroes.

And now Van Lear Black of Baltimore finds that Denis Rooke of Australia was right when he said that once a man gets air in his blood he can't live happily on the ground. Last month he set out from England on an air journey of 40,000 miles.

Mr. Bayline, the ever-ready valet, makes light of the future.

"The boss," says he, "will say to me to put some things in a bag, and—"



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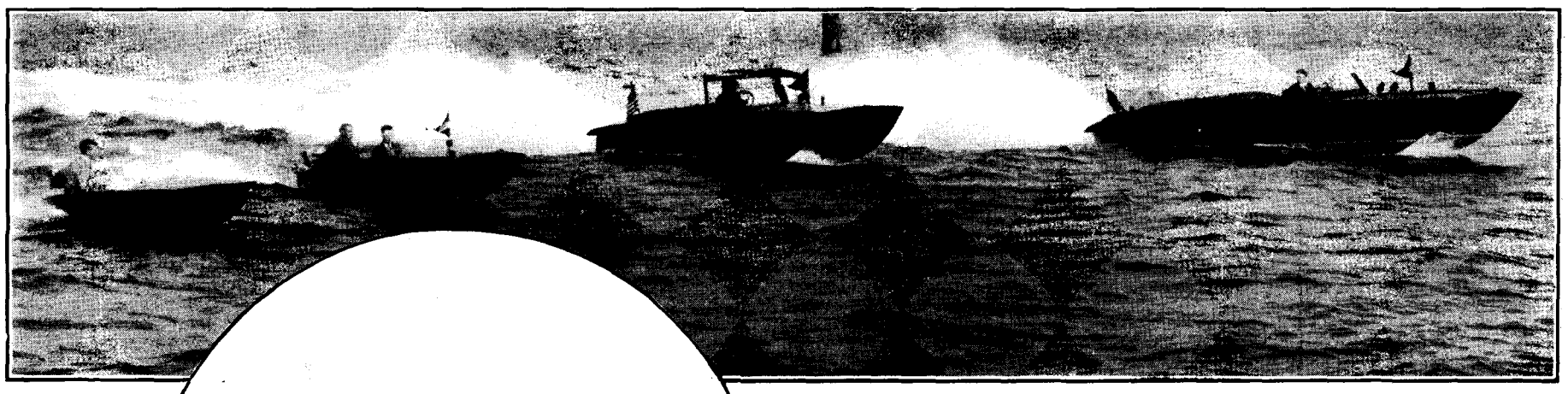
Customers *first*



The Sea Sled fleet off for a spin in open water

Model 16—new outboard Runabout—a witch for looks and liveliness

ON the morning after a famous national election, a sad-eyed man looked up from his newspaper and said to his seat-mate on a suburban train, "Did you vote for Cleveland?"

"Nope," said the other shortly, "I did not."

"Well," said the sad-eyed one, "*somebody* did," and resumed his study of what was then pronounced to be the greatest Democratic landslide in history.

It is no violation of confidence to state that somebody has bought a Sea Sled. In fact *somebody* is buying so many Sea Sleds that the plant manager is beginning to wear a hunted and haunted expression. A remarkably fine group of dealers are selling Sea Sleds at a rising rate which makes the future hard to predict.

We are increasing production right along and are building for still further increases. But the Sea Sled is first, last and all the time a quality product. Every time production is increased it means beginning way down in the sub-cellar and building straight up through to the paint room floor. It cannot be done with careless haste, nor with inexperienced workmen, and it cannot be done without insistent and adequate supervision every step of the way.

In view of the increased demand which is unprecedented and tumultuous, we wish to assure old friends who are customers of record that they have first call on our most sincere efforts.

Of course, we can all remember a time when your neighbor was apt to ask you, "*Why* did you happen to buy a Sea Sled?" Now it looks as though that question will have to be changed to "*How* did you ever *manage* to get a Sea Sled?"

A typical letter just received from a southern dealer contains this paragraph:

"The new Model 16 runabout arrived in perfect condition. I put her on the floor and in five minutes she was sold. What dates can you give me on deliveries for six more? She is the talk of the town."

When things get going that fast, only an astrologer or a clairvoyant could tell what'll happen next week.

To the new friends we are making right along, we want to say that if and when you honor us with an order, we will tell you—as exactly as we can—just when to expect shipment, and then do our level best to live up to all promises made.

Dealers' Opportunity

The list of retail dealers is growing in a gratifying way, but the United States is a big place to cover competently and there are still spots with good water facilities to which the Sea Sleds have not reached as yet. If you happen to be doing business in such a location, we'd be glad to have you write for dealers' terms.

Exclusive features
Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water

Model 28—200 H.P.
Sedan Top - - $8,500

SEA SLED
TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
THE SEA SLED CORPORATION
Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents
226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York
All prices F.O.B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

Exclusive uses
Commuting marine motor
Class racer for youngsters
Fast marine runabout for women
Day Cruiser for family
Tender for racing yachts
Harbor tender for sea-going yachts

Model 23—75 H.P.
Sedan Top - - $2,700

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

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The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 21

resulted in stupor and fatal coma. Being practically unknown it might furnish a deadly expedient for removing anyone inoculated, provided someone wished somebody removed. In his case, Mary Harmon."

"My Lord, why should he want that? He was goin' t' marry Mary Harmon."

"He couldn't marry her. He already had a wife in Hungary, and, being a Catholic, he couldn't divorce her. No, he'd evolved a cleverer plan than that to get possession of the Harmon money. And that's where I fitted in, unwittingly. His pact with me."

"What pact with you?"

"He made a pact with me to finance my experiments. He was to receive four fifths of the monetary results that might accrue from any discoveries I made, while I got the other fifth and the resultant credit. I was desperately poor, and it came as a godsend. I never suspected that there was only one person whom he hoped to see get the disease and reward me for a cure—"

"Mary Harmon?"

"Yes, Mary Harmon. The hellishness of it. Courting that girl, talking of marrying her abroad, giving her a title—and all that. All he meant to give her was encephalitis and then blackmail her, through me, for a cure. Of course, in that way, not a shred of suspicion could fall on himself even if she died. If things went wrong, I'd be the culprit. If his scheme worked, I couldn't protest without incriminating myself."

"IT'S certainly a wild idea. But I see how it might 'a' worked."

"You've had the evidence of its truth, haven't you? In due time I met Miss Harmon, since using me to pull his criminal chestnuts out of the fire was the crux of his strategy. To Briskow's discomfort, Miss Harmon began taking a keen personal interest in what I was doing. She even offered to equip me with a better laboratory for humanitarian reasons. It was like her. She was a thoroughbred."

"All of us 'll subscribe to that. Go on."

"The count began to criticize her interest in me, sensing a weakening of his own suit. He finally saw that she was sufficiently inveigled by my work to proceed with his diabolical scheme regardless of whether or not I found an antitoxin for that bacillus. So came the dinner."

"He poisoned her?"

"He infected her with the bacillus, at any rate. I never could prove my own innocence in the matter, which accounts for what I did later. Poor fool, I never suspected what it was all about. I took him for my friend. A caterer served the meal. Just before we sat down to it he went into the hall, claiming he'd left a bottle of wine in his coat. There was a door opening from the hall into the room I used as my laboratory. Later I missed a whole test tube of serum filled with what I hoped was encephalitis cultures—as deadly a vial of germs as ever got into America."

"But th' wine she drunk was analyzed afterward!"

"That's where the authorities went astray, not knowing exactly what afflicted the girl. There never was anything the matter with that wine, although it did aggravate hæmatemesis—"

"Ham—what?"

"I didn't know until Miss Harmon and I had arrived in Vermont that she was a chronic sufferer from ulcers of the stomach—"

"She come up t' th' Fork with you?"

"Yes," replied Hawkins, alias Wrightson, his face acquiring a weird slate color as he strove to complete a connected tale before lapsing into a second coma. "I'll come to that presently. The bacteria must have gained access to the blood stream owing to her gastric condition, which the induction of alcoholic wine inflamed."

"Then how did he get her t' swallow them bugs?"

"I'd been cultivating the bacillus in a bouillon aspic. And cold sliced chicken loaf was on the menu served by the caterer. I'm persuaded that while the dinner was being served that blackguard got my aspic onto her plate. At any rate, the wine soon produced hæmatemesis with nausea, and the girl was removed to her home. Debility began to set in. She had strange sinking spells. And when I missed a vial of my aspic, after I was alone once more, it dawned on me what might have occurred. When I next saw Briskow and accused him of it, I knew in an instant from his behavior that my fears were correct. By the following afternoon I grasped the heinous ramifications of the plot in the danger he ran and hotfooted it out. Then Miss Harmon and I, while awaiting her lawyer's arrival, faced facts. I probably knew—and still know—more about encephalitis lethargica than any other living person, regardless of the strides made in combating the disease in the past two decades. But at that time I wasn't a registered physician whose word or prestige amounted to much. Certainly I'd never been allowed to treat Miss Harmon if they took her to a hospital. Even her family physician wouldn't have tolerated my prescribing for her—especially as it would have tipped off what had occurred in my rooms. Well, Lawyer Hubbard arrived, and we talked all that over too. And Miss Harmon had such confidence in me that she was willing to go somewhere and place herself in my hands unrestrictedly for treatment."

Here are the baseball records referred to by Grantland Rice on page 10.

Babe Ruth's Major League Batting Record

Year	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Home Runs	Base on Balls	Struck Out	Pct.
1914	5	10	1	2	0	0	0	.200
1915	42	92	16	29	4	9	23	.315
1916	67	136	18	37	3	10	23	.272
1917	52	123	14	40	2	12	18	.325
1918	95	317	50	95	11	57	58	.300
1919	130	432	103	139	29	101	58	.322
1920	142	458	158	172	54	148	80	.376
1921	152	540	177	204	59	144	81	.378
1922	110	406	94	128	35	84	80	.315
1923	152	522	151	205	41	170	93	.393
1924	153	529	143	200	46	142	81	.378
1925	98	359	61	104	25	59	68	.290
1926	152	495	139	184	47	144	76	.372
1927	151	540	158	192	60	138	89	.356
14 yrs.	1501	4959	1283	1731	416	1218	828	.349

Walter Johnson's Major League Pitching Record

Year	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Shut Outs	Base on Balls	Struck Out
1907	14	112	5	9	2	18	64
1908	36	257	14	14	6	52	160
1909	40	297	13	25	4	84	164
1910	45	373	25	17	8	76	313
1911	40	323	23	15	6	70	209
1912	50	368	32	12	7	76	303
1913	47	346	36	7	12	38	243
1914	51	372	29	15	10	74	225
1915	47	337	28	13	8	56	203
1916	48	371	25	21	3	132	228
1917	47	328	23	16	8	67	185
1918	39	325	23	13	8	70	162
1919	39	290	20	14	7	51	147
1920	21	144	8	10	4	27	78
1921	35	264	17	14	1	92	143
1922	41	280	15	16	4	99	105
1923	43	262	17	12	3	69	126
1924	38	278	23	7	6	77	158
1925	30	229	20	7	3	78	108
1926	33	262	15	16	2	73	125
1927	18	108	5	6	1	26	48
21 yrs.	802	5926	416	273	113	1405	3497

Ty Cobb's Major League Batting Record

Year	Games	A.B.	R.	H.	H.R.	S.H.	S.B.	Pct.
1905	41	150	19	36	1	4	2	.240
1906	97	350	44	112	1	14	23	.320
1907	150	605	97	212	5	12	49	.350
1908	150	581	88	188	4	14	39	.324
1909	156	573	116	216	9	24	76	.377
1910	140	509	106	196	8	17	65	.385
1911	146	591	147	248	8	11	83	.420
1912	140	553	119	227	7	8	61	.410
1913	122	428	70	167	4	11	52	.390
1914	97	345	69	127	2	6	35	.368
1915	156	563	144	208	3	9	96	.369
1916	145	542	113	201	5	14	68	.371
1917	152	588	107	225	7	16	55	.383
1918	111	421	83	161	3	9	34	.382
1919	124	497	92	191	1	9	28	.384
1920	112	428	86	143	2	7	14	.334
1921	128	507	124	197	12	15	22	.389
1922	137	526	99	211	4	27	9	.401
1923	145	556	103	189	6	22	9	.340
1924	155	625	115	211	4	15	23	.338
1925	121	415	97	157	12	5	13	.378
1926	79	233	48	79	4	13	9	.339
1927	134	490	104	175	5	12	22	.357
23 yrs.	2938	11076	2190	4077	117	244	887	.368

"YES. The count had been to her that afternoon and hinted just enough to her—about some vast sum it would be necessary to pay me to effect her cure—to make her realize she had been marked from the first as the victim of a stupendous blackmail scheme, with her very life forfeit if she failed to pay. I came in answer to her summons, and the three of us had it out. I made a clean breast of everything, and she believed in my innocence. What the papers of the period never discovered was Lawyer Hubbard's presence in the case and the expedient we determined on."

"Plenty o' newspaper fellers suspected Hubbard—"

"But no one reported his arrival at the Harmon home in Beacon Street that eventful night. Because when Miss Harmon sent for him, Briskow realized which I was involved. I had been seen in the count's company, however. His interest in my work was known among Miss Harmon's immediate friends. I didn't have a proof in the world that I wasn't a deliberate copartner with him in the business. And then—Miss Harmon—sent for me."

"Th' night she disappeared, you're talkin' about?"

"But I should 'a' thought she'd at least reported th' attack on her health t' th' authorities."

"What proof did any of us have that any attack had been made on her health? You must bear in mind that twenty years ago the specialists capable of treating encephalitis effectively were almost unknown. Ordinary physicians and diagnosticians would waste valuable time probing for a score of toxins and symptoms, and meanwhile those cultures in her system would be growing fatally. And yet she couldn't remain ill there at her home without antagonizing her regular physician. No, we had to take her somewhere that would permit me an unhampered practice on her. And she herself suggested her summer place up here in Vermont."

"An' Hubbard knew of all that?"

"He not only knew, but he concurred in the decision and assisted in getting the girl away. You mustn't overlook what I told you about Miss Harmon's interest in my experiments prior to the attack on her. When she felt convinced she was in the incipient stages of encephalitis, it was like her to grasp the part she could personally play in the success of my work. Hitherto I'd had to experiment with mice. Mice and guinea pigs. Here I had a human being attacked by the malady. It even gave Miss Harmon a sort of satisfaction that she could so sacrifice herself. You'd have had to know her temperament to understand. Her money meant nothing to her. And she had lately lost her father, whom she loved very dearly. If she forfeited her life, it meant only a reunion with old John. So she was not only willing but even eager to come up to the old house in Vermont with me and put herself in my hands."

"But how th' devil did you ever manage that get-away without anyone knowin'?"

"The very simplicity of it was part of the mystery later. At the time of our decision she hadn't reached the stage where she couldn't move about if she wanted, although in frequent distress from hæmatemesis, as I said."

"Just what's hæmatemesis, anyhow?"

"Internal bleeding of the stomach."

"Oh, yeah, Squire Butterworth's wife's got it. Go ahead. How'd you get Miss Harmon out of her house?"

"Why, she merely arose from her bed, dressed, packed a bag with what she'd probably need, and walked out. It was due to the fact that we encountered no one in particular who recognized her that the case became a mystery."

"But it's queer she'd start for Vermont without tellin' her servants."

"That would have meant advising the authorities where she'd gone—and her own physician—and Count Briskow. It was due as much to not wanting Briskow to know of her whereabouts as anything else that she simply slipped from the house and never came back. Anyhow, Hubbard said he'd see to things. And he had his own coachman drive us to my rooms, where I packed everything I wanted to take, and then to the station. Miss Harmon wore a heavy black veil, anyhow. We came up to Vermont that night by sleeping car, and Hubbard hired a livery rig that drove us out to the Fork."

THE patient closed his eyes after all this narrative, and for a time those present thought he had fainted. The sheriff's attitude began to change. Men on their deathbeds, as this luckless person appeared to be, indulge in few deceptions. Hawkins' manner of speaking left no doubt about his victory. And Amos Crumpett suddenly saw in him a victim of diabolical circumstance whose life had been wrecked by a mad endeavor to hide a great wrong.

"Was Mary Harmon livin'—an' in that house—th' day I come out there an' found you th' caretaker?" the officer demanded when the victim's eyes opened.

"No," came the answer, husky with weakness. "She'd died the previous night. We'd no sooner gotten her comfortable in the place than she began to develop the more malignant symptoms of encephalitis. The cultures were maturing fast. I worked desperately, trying all that I could to arrest them. Temporarily I succeeded so that once she was able to write Hubbard a letter between her spasms. I understand that letter was found—in a coat I neglected to take with me when I fled—"

"It was my father who found it in a closet," Jimmy interjected, with vague pride. But the man on the bed gave no sign of hearing.

" . . . But there was I, with a dead body on my hands, and my presence in the house liable to be discovered and investigated at any moment. Lawyer Hubbard was held down in Boston: the newspaper men were shadowing him, and if he came up to us it would lead to discovery. I had to act to protect myself. And the first thing was some sort of disguise. It was easy to whiten my hair with some chemicals I

(*Continued on page 40*)

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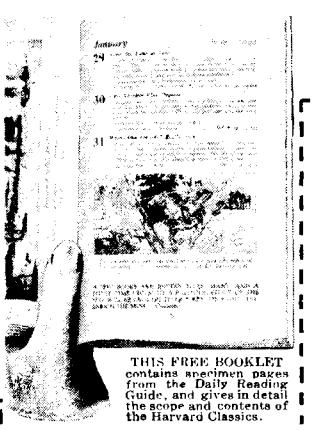

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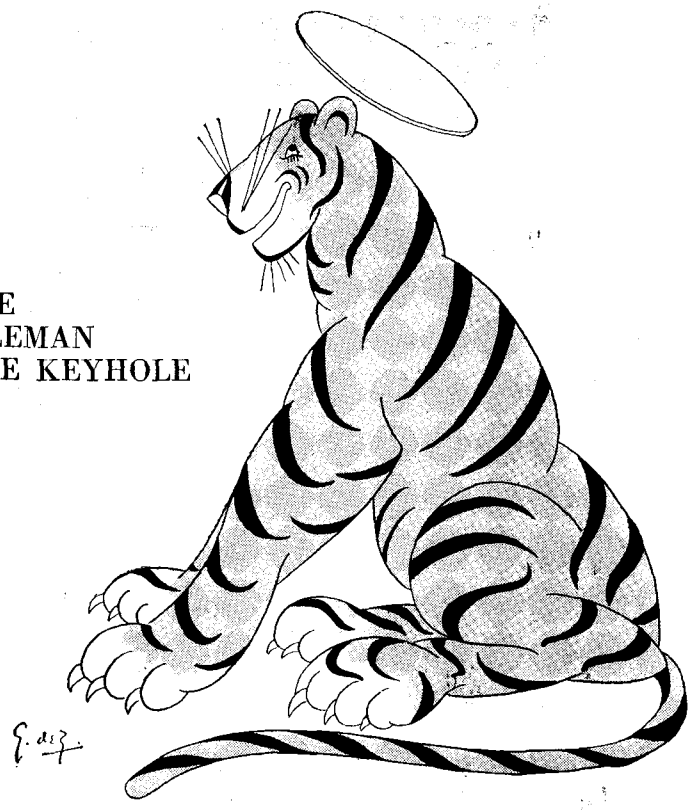
By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



Pretty Pussy!

WHAT is this Tammany Hall about which some of our political friends are terribly excited? Practically it is nothing but a convenient name for the Democracy of what was originally New York County but is now New York County and Bronx County.

Originally the Tammany Society was a social organization, but from the fact that the leaders of it were also leaders of the local Democracy, and from the fact that the Democratic local organization made its headquarters in the hall occupied by the Tammany Society, the dominant New York City Democracy came to be known as Tammany Hall.

It was generally led by sachems of the Tammany Society. The title sachem tells the story. It is an early example of the American love of titles. It is akin to Imperial Wizard, August Dictator and Grand Exalted Ruler.

From what, then, did the prejudice against Tammany spring?

First, I think it was social and religious in its origin. Tammany was soon dominated by poor Irish, politically gifted—by Catholics.

Second, the prejudice sprang from scandals of Tammany administration in New York City, especially the scandals of Tweed's day and later those of Croker's time.

They were bad enough, but not, I think, any worse than the scandals of Chicago or the scandals of that good little American town, Canton, Ohio.

Out of Power: for Its Good

BUT Tammany is unfortunate in two respects. New York vices get more publicity than the vices of any other American city. And Tammany has a distinctive name; if its members had been called simply Democrats, the sins of Tweed and Croker might have been merged in the general record, good and bad, of the Democratic party. But, as it was, they made a name already unpopular for social and religious reasons into a byword of political reproach.

Then too Tammany suffered from its emblem, the tiger. The tiger, unless behind bars in a zoo, is a fearsome beast. He is stealthy and murderous. A cartoon representing a tiger stealing across the bridge to Brooklyn once cost the Democrats a New York municipal election.

What about the new Tammany? How many people know that since 1909, nearly twenty years, there has been only one Tammany mayor of New York, James J. Walker, the most popular chief magistrate the city has ever had?

To elect a mayor in 1910 the Democrats had to choose Justice William J. Gaynor, a Brooklyn man of great independence whom the anti-Tammany coalition had tried to get as its candidate. And John F. Hylan, mayor from 1918 to 1925, was a Hearst man.

Being out of power partly explains the new Tammany. Changes in the population of New York explain it still more. The Irish are now a small minority in New York. They have grown rich and become socially prominent.

Here's a little incident that illustrates the change: Murphy was a city contractor grown rich through what was described in the improving political morals of his time as honest graft. The other day a friend of Al Smith, a generous contributor to his campaign fund, was described as a city contractor. There was an immediate rush to Washington to tell the Senate Investigating Committee that he was a private contractor who had never taken a city or state contract.

Even the friends of a Tammany man have to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

The new Tammany began with Murphy. He had the wit to see that to win Tammany had to deserve to win.

The lesson of the mayoralty elections I have listed was not lost upon Murphy. The old feudal relation between the Tammany district leader and his poor Irish dependents was ended. Racial elements had become too diverse. People moved uptown too rapidly. Hearst had to be cultivated. And, as Tom Platt used to say, the better element had to be pandered to. Murphy reached out for the support of both.

Al Smith, a wise man, threw Hearst overboard and clove to the better element. His success in New York politics is due to the fact that he was the first Tammany man who had the wit to see that to succeed Tammany had to win the reform crowd in New York away from the Republicans.

Being governor when Murphy died and having the recipe that brought victory, he was left the most powerful man in Tammany. His associates in power were Robert F. Wagner, then a supreme-court justice, and Surrogate Foley, another judge, both men of unimpeachable character, both college graduates.

Croker, however, was a graduate of street brawls, the best combination of brute force and cunning in the organization, while Tweed was weighty with his fists as well as the most cunning and unscrupulous man of his day.

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 38

had with me. I cut off my eyebrows and put on a pair of John Harmon's glasses I found on the premises.

"I also thought up the idea of fixing an undervest so it looked as though I was humpbacked. And when you investigated my presence, and Hubbard legitimized my alias, it gave me the opportunity to dispose of Miss Harmon's body. At least to hide it long enough for me to get out of the country without haste attaching suspicion to me."

"AND you chucked it down th' pit in th' tool house, eh?"

"*I did not!* I saw a decent lying place for it in the alcove under the stairs, in the campanile. The upper hallway had only one window at its western end, and when old John Harmon saw how dark the upper hall was, even in broad daylight, he had those stairs fixed so that they could be lifted up out of the way. This allowed access to the cupola as it became necessary and yet permitted light from the front window in the campanile to fall into the hall as well as give him a sort of den in the tower.

"But I didn't know how many persons might be aware of those stairs—exactly how they worked—and I wanted them to always appear like regular stairs to any stranger who might pry into the place. So I laid the body in there on a cot I rigged up after I'd moved out the den furnishings. I lowered them in place and fixed a hook on the inside that wedged them down securely.

"Meantime I'd discovered the space between the walls, that two feet or more between the west wall of the den and the east wall of the southwest front chamber. I knew I might have to stay in the place for quite a spell, to establish an alibi in my new rôle of caretaker, and yet if I was ever trapped in that house by suspicious persons, or officers like yourself, I'd want some secret exit by which I could make my escape. You remember I told you I was up there to alter some partitions, cut a door in the northerly chambers, I think. I simply tore out a door casing already existent in order to alibi the noise I might have made fixing that hole in the tower, the rough stairs and ladder that led down to the cellar."

"An' you dug that tunnel?"

"I had to put in my time somehow. I was there several weeks, you recall. But that tunnel was mostly accidental. I discovered when I made my ladder to the ground, inside the partitions, that the cellar didn't run back that far. I miscalculated, somehow, and before I knew it I'd got a burrow dug that was really *underneath* the cellar. Then I saw where I could bring it up in the tool shed—which would answer my purpose still further. All of you thought I was digging a well. I had—to account—for my dirt—somehow. At any rate, before I quit those premises I had the passage finished. But no one—ever came—to trap me—and I finally decided to leave—go abroad—Lawyer Hubbard had died of heart failure—"

The man's voice had gradually grown thinner and weaker. He spoke this last in a whisper. His eyelids fluttered.

Sheriff Crumpett finally met Dr. Chapin as the latter entered the kitchen.

"You're too late, Ansell," he announced. "Your patient's been dead ten minutes!"

(*To be concluded next week*)

How Could She Do It?

Continued from page 24

Southampton they'll have thought I was drowned—it'll be worse than ever. I can't—I can't tell them all I won't go through with it."

"But you can't go through with it," the man said. "You mustn't."

It gave her the most startling relief to hear him say that. He spoke as if he knew—as if it were settled.

"I must, though," she said. She wanted to hear him say again that she must not.

"What makes you think that it was your fault—that you didn't get any kick out of it?" he asked.

"I didn't say *any* kick," she said. "Of course it was something. Being kissed always is, isn't it? Only—"

"What did you mean when you told me that you never had been kissed?"

"I didn't mean to say that," Jane said. "I spoke before I thought."

"And so you spoke the truth—the real truth."

"I meant," she said lightly, "that it didn't—it didn't take."

He nodded.

"Do you think that means I don't love him?" Jane asked.

"Of course it does," he said.

They sat silent for five minutes. While the boat heeled in the freshening breeze Jane had a calm, strong, peaceful feeling. He was right, of course. She would have to go home and tell the family she would not marry Tarleton Baker and then she would have to tell Tarleton. She gave a little involuntary gasp at her own thoughts. She was thinking, "I wish he would kiss me."

"Well?" he said quietly.

"I was just thinking," Jane said.

She thought how silly it was of her to have such an idea.

"I've got something to tell you," he said. "I didn't go out to sea because I was afraid of a lee shore, as I may have led you to think, I went out because you were—you. No—all I saw at first was that you were beautiful. I kept telling myself that you were a silly little rich Long Island girl. But you had so much nerve. It wasn't only your trying to knock me out with the boat hook. It was the way you took the rest of it—the way you're still taking it. You are very young, and you don't know much about the world, but you're real."

HE PAUSED. Jane felt that she could not wait for him to go on. Slowly, in a kind of terror, she turned her head.

Then it happened.

He kissed her. He said, "I love you—I'm crazy about you."

"Now I can't go back," she said, "because now I know—what it's really like to be in love. I thought maybe I expected something that couldn't happen. But I didn't."

"There's only one thing to do," he said. "That's to get married quickly, before we go back."

"Yes," she said.

He put the tiller hard over, trimmed the sails, laid a new course to the southwest.

"We can't get to Hampton Roads as soon as we could get to Sayville or New York Harbor," he told her. "But we'll save time at that. You can get married in Virginia without waiting five days. We'll wire them that you are safe as soon as we're married."

"As soon as I am safe," Jane said.

He laughed, delighted.

She looked down at her dress. It was dirty and badly rumpled.

"I'll show you how to wash that sailor-fashion, in a bucket," he said.

That is how it happened that Jane Crandall was married in a sport frock that, though clean, badly needed pressing, to a young designer of yachts who had no money except what he made himself.

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The Unsmiling Usurper

Continued from page 19

ultimatum. Surrender stood clear as the one sane course. But, imperial as ever, Walker coldly denied the right of the United States to issue orders to the duly elected president of Nicaragua, nor would he admit that his plight was hopeless.

"You overlook the fact that I still have 300 effectives," he explained. "With them I shall cut a way through to San Juan del Sur, board my schooner, the Granada, and sail for a fresh stand in the friendly northern provinces. When the enemy realizes my escape, and faces the necessity of another campaign, I am of the opinion that the attack upon me will collapse."

"You may not count upon the use of your schooner," Davis announced abruptly. "I have orders to seize the Granada, and mean to do so at once."

Forced to see it as the end, William Walker wrote down the terms of his surrender, and on May 1, 1857, two years from the day that he had first touched foot on Nicaraguan soil, the Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny and his remaining followers left the scene of their tremendous challenge and were carried to New York.

The Dream of Empire

THE cities of the Atlantic seaboard received them as national heroes, but not all the warmth of the welcome could turn Walker from his iron purpose. Nicaragua possessed him, and the dream of a great Central American empire only blazed brighter against the dark background of defeat.

In October he was before San Juan del Norte with 100 men, but at the moment when his furious attack was about to win possession of the Transit's eastern half, the naval forces of the United States again intervened. Indomitably, calmly, Walker prepared to give battle to the frigate Saratoga, but when the Wabash steamed up, landing men and howitzers, there was nothing for him to do but accept the terms laid down by Commodore Paulding.

Two other attempts came to similar disaster. But in August, 1860, Walker sailed again, this time heading for the Honduran coast in a desperate effort to escape the American and British squadrons that patrolled the Nicaraguan ports. It was his plan to effect an alliance with Cabanas and his patriots, overthrow the tyrannical government of Guardiola the Butcher, and then march across country to friendly Leon.

One hundred of his old comrades were with him, reënforcements were on the way, and it was with high heart that Walker advanced to the capture of Truxillo. A rush, a crowded hour of hand-to-hand fighting, a bullet gash in Walker's cheek, and the Americans were masters of the city.

But in the midst of the rejoicing the British warship Icarus anchored offshore in easy gunshot, and Captain Salmon, sending word that his government held a mortgage on the revenues of the port, gave the invaders twenty-four hours to evacuate.

It was a death sentence, for before the walls of Truxillo now camped a Honduran army, but the doomed men met it unafraid. Only stooping to ask Salmon's protection for the sick and wounded, Walker and 65 men slipped out of a postern gate that night, and took up the grim business of cutting a way to safety.

Day after day, mile after mile, the desperate little band fought forward through the jungle, and only when they reached the rebel camp on the Rio Negro, and found it deserted, was there the death of hope.

All that now remained was courage, and, digging rifle pits with knives, the Americans prepared to demand highest value for their lives.

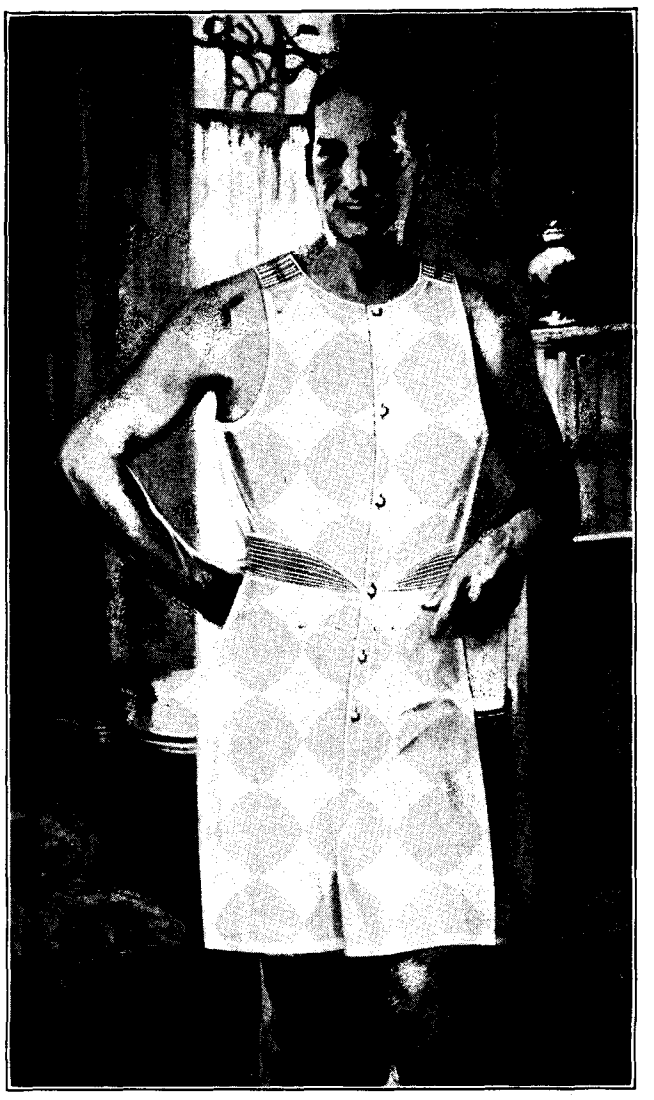
Hunger tormented them, fever ravaged them, but always they found some secret well of strength upon which to draw when unsleeping Walker warned of an enemy attack. Thirty-four were dead when British boats came slowly up the winding river and offered the survivors the protection of the flag.

It was to Captain Salmon that Walker surrendered—the capitulation was explicit—yet no sooner had the Icarus reached Truxillo than the commander announced that all prisoners would be turned over to the Hondurans. A little later he changed his decision, doubtless because of the indignation of his own officers, but while stating that he would continue to hold Walker's men, Walker himself would be delivered to the Hondurans unless he begged aid as an American citizen.

With all of the old blaze in his eyes, the Great Filibuster shook his head. He had been president of Nicaragua, with an empire in his grasp, and the United States, at the behest of an arrogant, evil old man, had dragged him from high place. Not to save himself from the torture stake would he now bend his knee and crawl to wrap the Stars and Stripes around him.

Without more ado Captain Salmon turned him over to Guardiola's savage soldiers, and with equal celerity the Hondurans pinned him with his back against the gray wall of the fortress and called out a firing squad. A harsh, triumphant voice shouted "Fire!" There was a crash of rifles, and the gray eyes of the empire dreamer closed forever.

Dad gets a $10 raise



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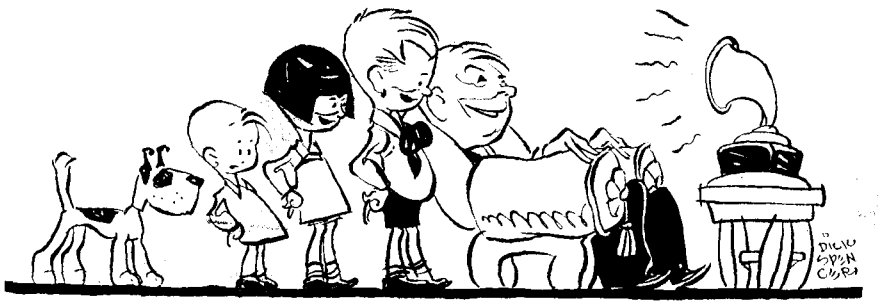

Is This Fair?

W. A. FROST of Wheeling, W. Va., takes me to task for my apparent support of the chain-station programs in a recent article which said these programs were better than the verbal vituperation and entertainment of KWKH and KTNT.

"Everyone around here is against chain broadcasting," continues this reader. "Some programs are good, but the majority are not appreciated by the general public. Why should we tune in fifteen or twenty stations all on the same programs? I think in a way Mr. Henderson of KWKH and Mr. Baker of KTNT are both right, considering that we hear in one evening about forty-six stations all in one chain scattered all over the dial. Do you think this is a fair condition? Let's have your honest opinion on chain broadcasting."

The letter naively concluded by stating: "We sure enjoy listening to the Collier's Hour every Sunday evening."

Of course I presume our own "Hour" comes in on one of the chain stations.

My opinion of chain programs is that, day in and day out, their entertainment value is considerably above the level of the average independent station. This is inevitable because of greater resources, the favorable position of the originating studio to sources of talent and the ease with which important events can be tapped into the chain no matter where they occur.

We must not forget that the entire art of radio is in a state of flux. Its primary purposes in broadcasting are entertainment and information. There is no doubt that in time the present engineering difficulties that prevent simultaneous operation of several stations on a single wave length will be overcome. When that is done there will be no possible objection to chain systems.

Remove the Barrier

OVER in Europe they are beginning to experiment with relayed programs in the manner of our chain systems. Across the Atlantic, however, there are many important problems involved, since it means that different countries with different languages are involved instead of states united under one federal government using a single language. The experiment is nevertheless a notable step in the development of friendly relationships between various peoples.

One of the main problems confronting the European chain program is the question of international copyright. The owners of copyrights on a single composition, play or book may be entirely different persons in different countries, and in some cases may refuse permission to broadcast despite the permission granted by the owner in the originating studio. Another graver point is the question of royalties, since payment may be demanded in every country where the program is simultaneously produced. The international convention in Rome in May was held to solve these complex problems so that radio may be used without unnatural restraints.

This question of copyright is bound to arise whenever the exchange of broadcast programs becomes practical as a daily feature between Europe and the United States. It is to be hoped the Roman solution will prove acceptable to the association that rules copyright destinies in this country.

Hard Labor

SOMEHOW one does not associate the strains of an imperishable musical composition with hard labor. The rhythmic tonal beauty of the great masterpieces in musical art seems to reflect divine inspiration rather than the sweat of mortal brow, yet Arthur Traves Granfield, who discusses musical subjects for the listeners of WJR in Detroit, tells us that they do not come entirely from the heights of Parnassus.

Joseph Conrad, whose vigorous pen drew such brilliant tales of the sea, declared that writing was a terrible grind, and, judging from the remarks of Mr. Granfield, it would seem that the arrangement of notes is no less arduous, no matter how brilliant the passage they convey.

"Inspiration, of course, does come from God," he admits, and then continues, "but there is yet another process involved in musical composition aside from inspiration, and that is manipulation; and, put in plain terms, this means the arranging—the dressing up, as it were—of the melody which God has inspired."

So you see manipulation is the musical term for hard labor.

The Magic Blanket

WHY do radio waves travel around the world instead of flying off at a tangent into space? That is one of the most intriguing questions occupying the attention of scientists. Of course it is extremely lucky for us that Nature has been kind enough to bend the waves round the earth's surface. Otherwise we should have no radio communication in any form, nor would the genus announcer have been evolved.

In order to account for the phenomenon scientists presume that a gigantic blanket, impervious to radio waves, exists in the upper atmosphere completely surrounding the world. This blanket rises and falls at different times and is mainly responsible for the "fading" that mars the reception of distant stations. The blanket, generally known as the "Heaviside layer," consists of a belt of gases that are electrically affected by the action of the sun's rays.

The existence of the blanket has been proved by the novel method of sending waves up to it and then receiving them after they have been reflected back. A portion of the same waves are received direct as ground waves. The time difference between the arrival of both waves at the receiving station enables the observers to determine the height of the Heaviside layer with a fair degree of accuracy. During August last year the layer varied in height between 53 and 128 miles above the earth's surface, according to measurements made by Odd Dahl of Carnegie Institute and L. A. Gebhardt of the Naval Research Laboratory, as reported by them to the Institute of Radio Engineers.

Itching Heel

Continued from page 13

and "picking around," aggravating Amos and imposing upon Jack.

"You need a good beating, mule," Amos declared, and he changed to her side of the team where he could administer the end of the line more conveniently. Walking was hard. But Ida had to behave.

After a few rounds he changed to Jack's side, and immediately Ida started spreading and prancing again.

"Jest like a dam' woman," Amos declared. "Weary de soul out'n a man." And he changed back to Ida's side.

For two hot weary hours he trudged conscientiously by Ida's side. "I bet I wish I could take a club to you," he grumbled and flipped her with the line. "Ef'n hit ain't one thing, hit's two." Whack! "Wawkin' 'long hyar, cheatin' on dat hard-workin' mule, and devilin' my soul out about nothin'." Whack! "Weary a man's pants off and den cheat." Whack!

WHEN night came Amos was tired. He ate his supper disinterestedly and went to his tent. He sat down and began picking at his guitar futilely. It sounded dead. After a while he applied the steel back of his pocketknife to the frets while he picked on the strings. A nasal, wistful whine resulted. He sang sadly:

"Sick and tired and a long ways f'm home.
Nobody don't love me; got nowhar to go.
'Cused me of forgin', and I can't write my name.
'Cused me of murder, and I ain't harmed no man."

"Got de old down-in-de-moufs, ain't you, Singin' Boy?" It was Jo Hanna, who had wandered out to listen.

"Killed my triflin' woman, 'cause she done me wrong.
Sheriff say hit's murder; I ain't harmed no man.
I ain't harmed nobody; locked me in de jail.
Killed my triflin' woman; I ain't harmed no man."

"Got 'em bad, ain't you?"

Amos played and sang for a long dreary half hour, and Jo Hanna listened in silence.

"What you had for supper, Singin' Boy?" she asked finally.

Amos stopped playing. "Nothin' but de same ole 76," he replied. "Cabbages. Whupperwill peas. And stuff."

"I fed Reuben on ham shanks and hot biscuits and stuff like dat," Jo Hanna volunteered. She got up and left, and in a few minutes Amos put away his guitar and went to sleep.

Next morning, when the boss man made his rounds to see that the teams were harnessed and hooked up properly, he discovered the chain on Ida's doubletree.

"Take it off, boy," he said. "This ain't no game you're playing."

Amos removed the chain. All the zest had gone out of his job now. It was nothing but work. In a few minutes Ida was back at her old tricks of throwing most of the load on her mate. But Amos did not care.

"Ham shanks and hot biscuits, hunh?" he said. The team walked round and round. The wheeler was loaded and unloaded. "Heap mo' better den dat rotten ole 76 at the grub tent. Cabbages and whupperwill peas. Ugh!"

"Jo Hanna, don't you grieve 'bout one dime.
Jo Hanna, don't you grieve 'bout one dime.
I'll give you mo' money den de wheeler kin haul.
Jo Hanna, don't you grieve 'bout one dime."

"Got you singin', is she?" asked the snatch driver. "Well, ole Jo had a heap er mens singin'."

"Jo—who?"

"Who?" repeated the driver. "Yo' feets don't fit no limb, boy. You know Jo who. Dat stingaree woman which is boa'din' de stable boss. Dat's who."

"She think she got a stingaree, hunh?"

"She don't think she got. She got."

"Tawk like you knows somethin' bout her?"

The driver grinned. "Humph," he grunted ominously.

"Yeah?" Amos drove on.

"Hongry, tired an' lonesome. Blue as I kin be.
Woman, woman, woman, don't pull dat thing on me.
Stingaree."

That night Amos took inventory. He had four dollars and a cheap pistol that he had taken from somewhere. Probably some woman. He didn't remember. And almost a full week's wages coming. The pistol would scare off Reuben, and the money would interest Jo Hanna.

He got his guitar down and assumed the rôle of a bad man. He sang bad songs. Mean bad songs:

"John Hardy went to de gamblin' house.
Didn't have no money for to spend, Lawd.
'Long come a lady wid a dollar in her hand.
Say, leave John Hardy in de game, Lawd, Lawd!"

"Must be gittin' ready to do some gamblin' on pay day," giggled Jo Hanna. "Singin' 'bout bad ole John Hardy."

"He wa'n't no badder den me," Amos declared. And to demonstrate, he pulled the pistol from his shirt front, flourished it, and then put it on the ground in front of him.

"Been to de East, and I been to de West,
And I done been all around, Lawd.
Shot me a gambler wid my forty-fo' gun,
Now I'm standin' on my hangin' ground, Lawd, Lawd.
Standin' on my hangin' ground."

"Bad nigger, hunh?" Reuben asked coldly and he picked up the pistol.

Amos started to protest. But Reuben was a mink-eyed man. So he sat quietly while the stable boss broke the gun, took the cartridges from the cylinder and pocketed them and the pistol.

For the next two days the air was charged with talk of pay day.

"Do I make me a killin' dis pay day," confided the snatch-team driver to Amos—"well, I'm gonter hit for Texas. Or maybe N'Awlins. Dey tells me de women is so thick in N'Awlins dat you got to fight 'em off with a stick."

"Yeah?" Amos had heard that before, but the driver did not convince him. "'Sposin'," he asked, "somebody else makes a killin' off'm you?"

THE driver did not reply until Amos came back on the next round. "Dey won't git much," he declared. Then, after a pause, "I might dig out, anyway. I'm sort of gittin' tired er dis job."

"Me too," said Amos.

"Dey tells me hit's a heap er work up round Vicksburg. Double-trackin' de Yaller Dog."

"Railroadin' is heavy," Amos recalled. "I druther skin mules."

"Me too," said the driver.

Saturday the men were paid off. The women gathered about the gambling games that sprang up on all sides. Craps, skin and blackjack, mostly. A few conservatives stuck to five-up at a dollar on the corner, but that was too slow. Craps and skin were faster.

Too fast for Amos. Before sundown his whole wages and the extra four dollars he had brought to camp had disappeared. By supper time the word buzzed around that Reuben was "makin' a killin'." "Lucky as a dog," they said. "Done busted up de crap games, an' now he's skinnin' wid his hat full er money and a world full of luck."

Next morning was Sunday and there was no work. But Amos was sad. The first news he heard was that Reuben

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actually had won heavily. "Six hund'ed dollars, and a handful of change." Amos had hoped that some luckier gambler would break Reuben before the money was won. Jo Hanna certainly would stick to Reuben now, and he was dead broke too.

"Workin' on de railroad, puttin' down cold steel.
Lawd, Lawd, de hotter de sun shine, de better I feel."

His song was interrupted by an argument outside his tent. He stopped playing.

"Naw, I ain't gonter give you no money." It was Reuben. "I ain't gonter give you nothin'. You been doublin' up on me wid dat song-singin' boy, and I ain't givin' you no money nor nothin'."

"Aw, sugar—"

"Yo' sugar ain't gittin' you none er my money. I'm gonter take hit to N'Awlins and find me a woman which'll take keer of hit for me."

AMOS rolled under the side of the tent and watched the pair disappear into their tent. Jo Hanna alternately begged and cursed, and Reuben steadfastly stood by his decision that he was not going to divide the money.

Presently Reuben emerged. He was dressed in his best clothes—a gray and black striped suit, a black derby hat and a pair of bright yellow shoes.

"Not a dam' cent ef'n you's dyin'," he declared.

"Aw, baby, now—"

Reuben sat down, removed one of his shoes, and began cutting slashes across the toes of it. "Go on now and shut up," he commanded. "My cawn is hurtin' me, and hit's makin' me mad. I'm liable to git up and stick dis knife in you." He centered his attention on the shoe.

Jo Hanna walked up behind him quietly, opened a razor that she had concealed in the folds of her skirt, and placed the keen edge of the blade against Reuben's Adam's apple.

"Gimme dat money," she said in a low, cold voice.

Reuben did not even look around. He stuck his hand into a pocket, drew out the roll of bills, and handed it over his shoulder to her.

Jo Hanna stuck the roll into the top of her stocking. "And de change too," she added.

Reuben produced the change, and Jo Hanna put it in her apron pocket. "Now," she said, "put dat shoe on and drag yo'se'f on away f'm me befo' I gits mad and whittles on you. And don't never come back. Onderstand?"

Reuben understood. He laced the shoe hurriedly, and in a minute he was on top of the levee, headed for Baton Rouge.

Amos waited until Reuben was well out of sight, and then he started singing:

"He left his brown standin' in de do'. What you reckon she said? 'Can't use you no mo'.'"

"I sho' can't use dat squinch-eyed runt," Jo Hanna declared with good-natured friendliness. "He wa'n't no 'count."

Amos played and played and sang foolish songs for Jo Hanna. The guitar wasn't going so well, but Jo Hanna seemed satisfied.

"I got somethin' good to eat over at my tent, Singin' Boy," she declared. "Mo' gooder den dat whupperwill peas and stuff."

"I might be round for dinner," Amos promised.

"Hit'll be somethin' good for supper too, maybe," she pressed.

Amos enjoyed the dinner of baked ham, crackling bread and fresh corn. After dinner he serenaded her some more, but his guitar wasn't right. There was a wistfulness in its music that Amos did not intend to put there.

Jo Hanna listened for a while, and finally she dozed. "I believe I'm gonter rest my eyes some, Singin' Boy," she said.

"Go to it, good-lookin'," Amos agreed. He continued to play abstractly, and the strings continued to cut up. Maybe he was thinking of that job on the Yellow Dog Railroad:

"Workin' on de Yaller Dog, doll'n a dime a day.
Give some fool woman de dollar; th'ow de dime away."

Jo Hanna snored. Her mouth was open, and her thick lips vibrated noisily when she exhaled.

"Good golly!" Amos ejaculated. "Face looks like a hollow stump. No wonder Reuben did'n raise no fuss about dat money. Hit's worth mo'n dat to git away f'm dat ugly thing."

Or maybe he was thinking of the women in New Orleans that you had to fight off with a stick.

"Hyared about a yaller woman,
Live over back er town.
Make a jack rabbit fight a bulldog,
Make a mule kick his stable down."

It took money to get a woman like that. Amos chuckled.

He knew where there was some money.

He put his guitar down and crept to the side of the bunk where Jo Hanna snored. Two deft movements accomplished it. One hand raised her skirt slightly above her knee, and the other extracted the roll of money from her stocking. "She kin keep de change," he laughed.

In no time he had pocketed the money, shouldered his guitar and gained the top of the levee.

"Buy me a ticket in Baton Rouge," he decided, "and ride de plush into N'Awlins."

He arrived in Baton Rouge soon after daylight, and after a hearty breakfast at the depot he learned that the New Orleans train was not due until nearly noon. A whole morning on his hands with nothing to do but sleep. But where?

Laura! Amos grinned as the idea came to him. He would spend the morning with her, make friends with her and about the time he had done that it would be time to walk off and catch the train. She would be mad at that.

He walked up the hill and across town to her house.

"Who dat?" came from within when he rapped.

"Hit's me," he replied. "Amos."

"Amos—who?"

"Who?" he repeated. "Yo' feet don' fit limbs like a who-owl, gal. Open dat do'."

Ominous silence from within. Amos waited for a while.

"Aw, Laura, you ain't forgot me dat quick, I know," he insisted. "An' me down yonder in de levee camp wearin' my knuckles out gamblin' for you."

"Did you winned?"

"'Co'se I winned, baby," Amos declared. "An' I brang hit all back to Mamma."

ANOTHER brief silence, and the door opened. "Come in, darlin'," Laura invited sweetly.

Amos walked in, boldly, confidently. Then he stopped suddenly. Back in the corner he spied Reuben, toying with that pistol.

"Well?" Reuben inquired with a cold, proprietary air, "le's see dat money."

Amos faltered. "Wha—why—what all dis about, gal?"

"No mind," Laura replied. "You hyared my man say le's see 'at money and you better le's see hit too."

Amos hesitated.

"And le's see hit quick too," urged Reuben. "Or else I'm gonter shoot a little hole right in yo' foot." He pointed the pistol at Amos' underpinnings.

Amos handed Laura the roll of money.

"Now git on down de road," she commanded. "My sweetheart is liable to git mad at you, and I don't want my house gittin' a hard name wid de poleese, jest cause a crazy fool like you gits shot in hit."

Amos walked down the street until he came to a side street that was lined with big trees. He sat down in the shade, took his guitar from his shoulder and began pulling at the strings. They vibrated soothingly:

"Got me a job on de Yaller Dog puttin' down cold steel.
De mo' de women don't bother me, well, de better I feel."

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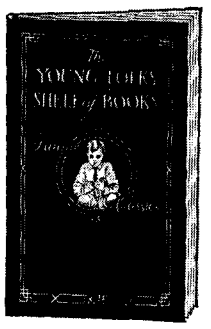

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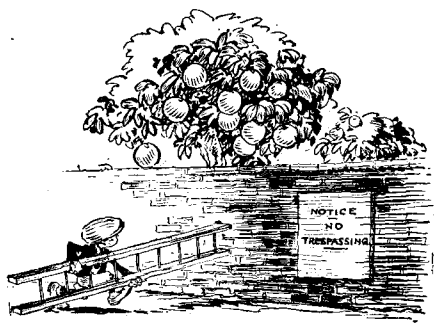


Tom Masson Says

Note for parents: After all, it's a good deal easier to raise a boy than a girl—unless you happen to have a boy.

Recent observations reveal that ants can hear all kinds of sounds. That must be why they prefer picnics to night clubs.

A man in Chicago lived with his wife five years after he had obtained a divorce. Probably was afraid to leave the house or he would get shot.

According to a dermatologist, a red nose is a sign of youth. But it has long been known there is no age to booze.

The three main duties of the average man is to fill his gas tank, his cigar lighter and his stomach.

Even the offspring of a companionate marriage is up against it—he's got to decide whether he will live with his father or his mother.

By the time a boy has been through private school, camp, college and has taken a trip to Europe, he needs a new car.

Most people who save up for a rainy day kid themselves into believing it will clear about noon.

A London workman has been sentenced to eight months in jail for kicking a woman he thought was his wife. The question is: "How is the wife going to manage for the next eight months?"

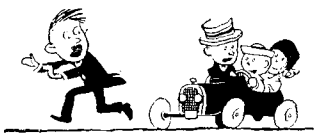
You can lead some women to the altar easier than to the ballot box.

"There is nothing I can say of Hamlet that has not already been said," declares Gene Tunney. For this relief much thanks.

Call money: what you give your wife over her allowance.

There's many a good lie in many a girl's golf score.

As long as we have got to have bootleggers, why not put them under government control?



Even accidents in this country are now standardized. One occurs every six minutes.

Touch Pitch

Continued from page 7

"I can't give them that," said Paula, "and if they want it so badly they must need it."

"I've been thinking that too, of course. But we've got to go one way or the other."

"Sleep on it," she advised him. He was ten years older than she was, but at the moment she felt old enough to be his mother, sorry for his fears and weakness, aware of the decency overlaid that must be brought to the surface and kept there.

"Sleep?" he questioned. "It's not going to be an easy night to sleep."

Somehow or other it had turned the corner of midnight now. All had gone except Helen Jones when again Paula's telephone sounded.

"Miss Calderwood, this is Mr. Snyder, Elmer Snyder. I know it is very late, but I wondered if by any chance I could see you for a few minutes."

PAULA hesitated the fraction of a minute only. She knew who Mr. Snyder was. And her thought went back to that glance Hubbard had given her in the elevator.

"I'll be glad to talk to both you and Mr. Hubbard," she said clearly.

Helen Jones turned to stare, and what went on at the other end of Paula's line she could only imagine. Then the answer came, as definite as Paula's own.

"All right," said Mr. Snyder, "we'll come to your room."

Hubbard looked old, sitting in one of the hard, overstuffed chairs across the room from Paula a few minutes later. He looked older than Dudley, but perhaps that was because he did not keep himself up so well, and had never been used to associate with groups which made living rather a physical art. His hair was gray and wispy, his face lay in furrows around his cheek bones and jaws, and his mouth showed his distaste for this interview into which he had been forced. Helen Jones and Snyder were like seconds in a duel. After the preliminaries they had little to do except watch.

"They tell me," said Hubbard, "that you control your district, Miss Calderwood."

"Perhaps."

"You do. You do," he answered testily. "If we were not convinced of it, we would not be here. I don't like women in politics," the old man went on. "It's not a game for women."

"They have votes, Mr. Hubbard."

He made a derisive noise.

"A lot of people have votes. Let them keep them. Let them give them away. Let them do what they please with their votes. I repeat that I don't like women in politics. I never deal with them."

"Did you come to tell me that?" asked Paula coldly.

In the reflected light from the hotel's attempt at decoration, a tall rose-colored floor lamp, she looked handsome and young and proud. She seemed to Hubbard to embody all the things he could not control, could not even buy for Evelyn, especially health and strength.

"No," he said, "I came to tell you this: You have some votes to deliver. I want them—to vote against an instructed delegation tomorrow. You claim to be a politician. You have a fancy political job. Then you should know how these things are done. If you can deliver these votes which you control, I'll be willing to make any proper return."

"Return?"

"We'll back you women," he said, "for whatever it is you want. You and your friends. Or else, if you fight us, we'll fight you—and we've ended careers before."

He was an unscrupulous, corrupt old man. She could hear it in his voice, see it in his eyes. Yet she wasn't sure that, in a bargain with him, she might not be safer than in a bargain with Grover Dudley. It would not be so subtle an affair. Hubbard simply told her that if she'd deliver something she'd be paid for it on her own terms. He was offering her a blank political check signed by himself, and his signature would be of great value if he won.

"Why do you want an uninstructed delegation?" she asked.

"Why give a delegation to Banks to sell out?" he countered.

He did not speak of Dudley, but she knew that he thought of him.

"Well, young lady," he asked and in his voice was all his impatience at having to deal with a woman—and a young woman—personally. "Well, what do you say?"

"I can't say anything tonight. I don't know yet what I'm going to do tomorrow. But I can't be stampeded, Mr. Hubbard. Not by you or by anybody else."

Something like a twinkle came into the corner of those old eyes.

"All right!" he said and stood up a little stiffly, as if his knees hurt. Just then someone knocked at the door. Snyder and Hubbard looked perturbed. But in the hallway there were only a couple of men and girls in evening dress. Paula stood outside with them and talked, but their voices came through the open door.

"Are you still at it?" someone asked.

The voices of the newcomers were high and excited and sounded as if they had been drinking.

"Send home the boy friends, Paula, and come downstairs. They're all crazy to see you."

"We need you. Come on. Arthur Penrose just blew in."

"Don't know him," said Paula.

"Oh, sure you do. He's Dolly Stone's cousin, the one who married that Hubbard girl who got crazy over Ned Jocelyn. He and Ned are down there simply loathing each other all over the place, and Ned's just tight enough to tell everybody how he loves Evelyn Penrose but loves his wife more. He's a regular ballad. Come down and play his accompaniments."

Paula had quickly closed the door to her sitting-room. But perhaps not soon enough. When she had sent her friends on their way with a promise which they would soon forget, she reëntered her room and faced an old man who seemed a little more gray and ashen than he had been when she went out. She wondered if he had heard. But, then, of course, he must know all about it.

But he had not known. He took one last curious look at this tall, straight girl, who at one in the morning was talking political issues with old men while her friends—while his daughter's friends—were drinking and talking of promiscuous personal relations; and then he walked out, Snyder behind him.

AND still the telephone rang. It was a girl this time, someone from the office:

"Mr. Dudley asked me to call your room and inquire if you would breakfast with him and some friends at 8:30 tomorrow morning."

"Tell him I am sorry that I am engaged," said Paula. "I cannot."

She lay in the darkness at last. She did not know what to do. Perhaps if she had kept out of all this, she would have done better. "Touch pitch!" she thought. And yet, after all, if she had been in that crowd downstairs tonight, was that such a sure way of avoiding pitch? She fell asleep at last, and the telephone seemed to awaken her almost as soon as she found rest, with a bright "Good morning! It's seven o'clock."

Some of the men at the caucus looked mottled, as if they had had too much liquor. Some looked worn and fatigued, and some worried. But after her bath, Paula, in fresh uncrumpled clothes, showed less sign of strain. At 8:30 the delegates from her own district, gathering in the "English room" of the hotel, almost 50 per cent of them women, looked at her and felt that she knew what she was about. Blaine, as he conducted the meeting, seemed confused, as if he didn't know quite what he should do about it. Finally a steering committee of three was elected—Jim Blaine of course, a fierce, hawklike politician named Barnes, with a reputation as an independent, and Paula Calderwood.

Mrs. A. D. S. Collins came up to Paula after the meeting.

"You just remember what I said, my dear," observed Mrs. A. D. S.

"I've been remembering," said Paula.

But no one knew exactly what the steering committee of the Tenth District was going to do.

There was not a vote that couldn't be reckoned by the time of the morning recess, except those in the control of Blaine and Barnes and Paula. Sam Michelson was duly elected and gave a beautifully worded keynote speech, under which dissension brooded darkly. But the important business of the day lay still ahead when the crowds poured back into the amphitheatre after lunch.

"It will be a close vote," said someone to Michelson, "and of course we don't want any roll call on it."

Michelson nodded. He was saving his voice.

THE resolutions committee reported, and then the seven delegates at large, slated and agreed upon, were nominated by various friends and adherents. An ingenuous man tried to bring in an eighth name.

Michelson, vibrant, powerful, pounded with his gavel as he declared the ayes had it and the nominations were closed. Somebody shouted "Steam roller!" but nobody paid much attention. For most people knew that those delegates had been agreed upon beforehand and that there was a rough justice in their selection. They were elected, and almost at the moment when Michelson so ruled he saw two people on the floor.

The one he recognized was a short, stout man with a megaphone voice who read a prepared motion. It began with rounded phrases extolling a favorite son, and it ended with the proposal: "And I do move you, Mr. Chairman, that this convention instruct its delegates to vote for the nomination of Edward Joseph Banks until he is nominated or releases them from their obligation."

There was a stir, a vague roar of comment. This was the test. A quick seconding of the motion followed.

Then suddenly Michelson saw something. On a chair, directly beneath his eyes, stood a tall slim woman, hardly more than a girl, a girl in a small tan felt hat cut abruptly away from her forehead. He wanted to push this vote through by acclamation, and she could be there only to make trouble. And yet he had promised, and there was this about Michelson which everyone knew—that his word was good. He stared at her, his forehead wrinkled.

"The lady from the Tenth District!" he said at length with one magnificent rap of his gavel.

She was doing what he had feared she would—demanding a roll-call vote. And, with his trained sense, Michelson knew that she had the convention with her.

The roll call, impressive in its way, proceeded. There were no immediate surprises. County after county, responding to the call of its name, did exactly what was expected of it, what had been promised the month before, the week before, the night before. Charlie Boulter, rather bunchy about the eyes today, sat checking the names off his roll-call list with a gold-tipped pencil. The delegates around Paula and Blaine and Barnes waited. They all knew now what was to be done and they were whispering.

"Lake of the Forest County!" called the secretary.

Paula was spokesman, for Blaine and Barnes did not want to be. Lake of the

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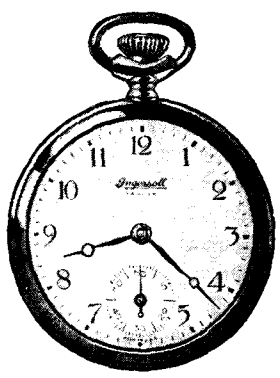

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Forest County was, because of its great size, the whole Tenth District, with one hundred and five votes—more than one eighth of those cast in the state.

There was just one second before she spoke while the attention of the entire convention gathered on this girl who was national committeewoman—which didn't mean so much; but who, they all heard, had been holding out on the bosses.

"Lake of the Forest County casts 52½ votes for instructions and 52½ against instructions!" she said; and her voice carried clear to the back of the hall where Hubbard stood with grim eyes upon her, and to the upper curves of the gallery where Dudley watched and heard.

THERE was the growl of a hundred comments. It was clear that the vote was a declaration of independence, a refusal of control. Nobody had bought that county. It had cast its votes so that they canceled each other—which can be a cowardly or a courageous thing to do, according to the possible consequences. This time it meant bravery; for Lake of the Forest County could expect no rewards and stood up to a double punishment, and the whole convention knew it. The sound almost swelled into applause until against it came the gavel of the chairman, sharply demanding order. The roll call went on. Lake of the Forest County was out of the fight.

On the platform adding machines clicked, on the floor hundreds of pencils checked the roll-call list. The last county reported almost simultaneously with the spread of rumors that the vote was for instructions, that it was against them, that it was, incredibly, a tie! Men compared lists and pushed toward the platform, leaving their abandoned chairs in jammed knots. Such a thing as a tie vote did not happen; but if for once it really had happened, it would mean an uninstructed convention and a Hubbard victory anyway.

Michelson had turned and was arguing some point with a couple of men. Suddenly he swung around, and his magnificently resonant voice took command of the confusion:

"An error in reporting the vote of Pierre County gives it one more vote for instructions—my own vote, not previously counted!"

He paused to take advantage of the drama, and then went on:

"This convention has instructed its delegates to the National Convention to vote for the nomination of Edward Joseph Banks by a vote of 420 to 419!"

They said that night around the hotel that old Hubbard wasn't well, that the thing had hit him hard. There was even a rumor that he had had a stroke, but Paula knew that wasn't true. For she had met him in the corridor of the hotel, on the floor where they both had rooms. The shouting had died down for Paula, and she had just left Jim Blaine, who, having found the general comment very reassuring, was riding high.

As Hubbard stopped and looked at Paula she felt acutely sorry for him. He was so gray and weary.

"You played a nice game," he said, "young lady."

"I did what I thought I had to," she answered almost humbly.

"Well, maybe," he said, "maybe not. Anyway, you did well."

She held out her hand, and he took it, holding it in an old man's tenacious way.

"Healthy, aren't you?" he asked abruptly, "healthy and steady. It is this sort of thing that makes you so."

She remembered then, saw clear into his mind, with its burden and distress for his daughter. She remembered about Evelyn and her collapse.

She felt his shrewd eyes again asking something of her as they had last night, only this time his need seemed more desperate, and almost pathetic.

"Yes, it's this that keeps me steady," she told him. "Any woman who has something to do is all right. But play isn't enough. It isn't even fun enough. Women have to learn how to stand up to things. They have to work, or playing gets them. That's what most of the trouble is about nowadays."

"Maybe," said Hubbard, "maybe so—I wouldn't wonder. I'm going south tonight to see my daughter. Perhaps I'll tell her that. I'd like her to know you when she comes back." Paula looked at him with the fine social directness that had been long bred in her.

"I'll make a point of it," she said, and her tone was a promise. "I'll be glad to."

"Thank you," said the old man. "We part friends after all. Perhaps you licked me, young lady, but you helped me too, and it's better than an even break for me." He paused and smiled a tired, wise smile unexcited by defeat.

"Dudley has to hold them now," he remarked with some pleasure as he turned away.

Under all the guile there was something very simple, she thought. Perhaps under the guile of all men lay that same simplicity. She closed the door of her room, so very quiet now that the issue was ended, and flung her hat on the bed. The telephone rang.

"Hello!" she called.

It was an easy, smooth voice—Grover Dudley's voice.

"This is Grover Dudley talking. How are you?"

"Feeling fine."

"I understand you were the real winner in this convention today."

"We didn't win—we withdrew."

"Well, there are all kinds of victory. Independence is a pleasant thing. Keep it as long as you can."

HE PAUSED, and, while she was still wondering whether she had heard regret or irony in his voice, went on: "What I called up to say was that some of your friends are dining with me. Will you join us?"

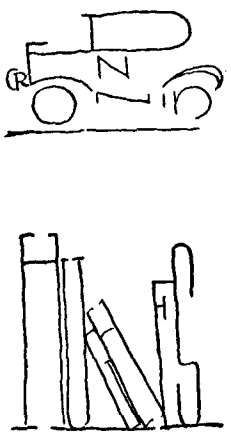
"You still want me?" asked Paula irrepressibly, "after this afternoon?"

"All the more."

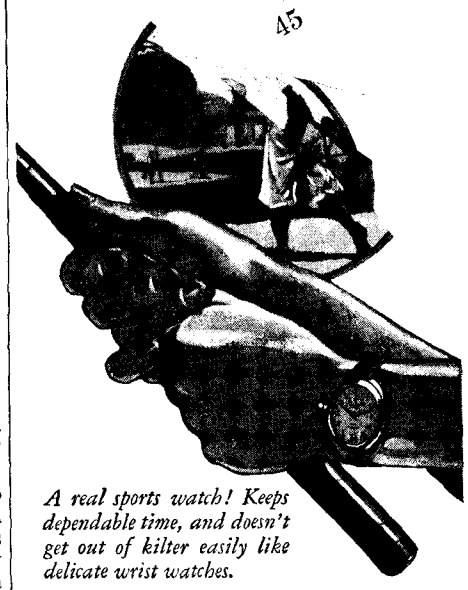
"Then I'd like to come."

She hung up, and as she turned to find a dinner dress—the violet lace one which would make her beautiful—she suddenly felt that she knew something she hadn't found out before. These men might "touch pitch" themselves—no doubt of that—and they would get other people to touch it too, if they could and that course served their own ends; but what they liked most after all—Michelson, Hubbard, Dudley, all of them—was courage.

NAMEOGRAPHS



The idea of using Nameographs as place cards has occurred to many readers. Here are some by Pauline E. Amond of Elmira, N. Y. It seems Edna Cronin had just bought a new car, Mr. Holmes is notorious for the way he forgets his key, Maude is a flower-lover if ever there was one and Mr. Hughes, you might know, sells books. Miss Amond reports that every guest took his place card home with him—so often they're just left around and get fed to the dog with the other scraps from the party.



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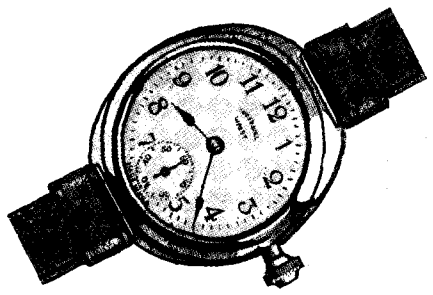

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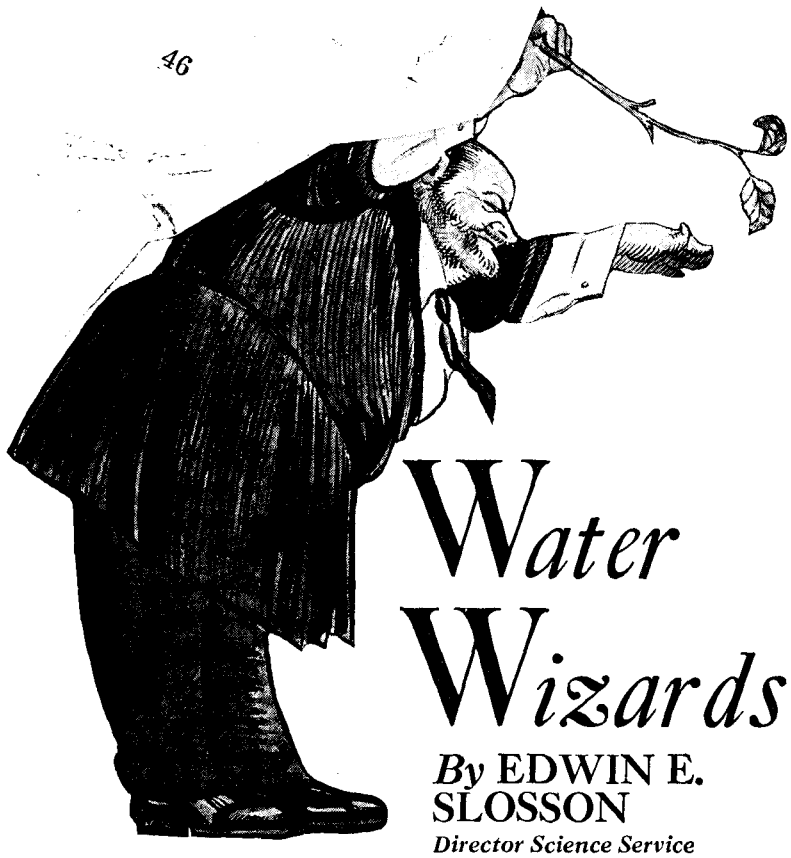

Water Wizards

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

WHEN I was a boy in a semi-arid region of the West the water wizard used to do a thriving business on small capital.

The only apparatus needed was a forked twig cut from a witch-hazel bush, and, with this in his hands, the diviner would undertake to find a location for a well on terms seemingly fair but really one-sided: "No pay unless you strike water." So if water was found within reach he got his pay, and if it was not, he lost nothing but his time, which wasn't worth much, anyway.

Rain makers used to guarantee rainfall on the same terms, $10,000 placed in the bank to be paid to the wizard if rain came within ten days. At the end of a drought any community would contribute that sum gladly to save the crops.

But my childish faith has since been shaken when I learned how versatile the magic wand has shown itself in various periods and places. In Kansas it was said not to be affected by underground water courses deeper than thirty feet, but I found it used in Australia for artesian wells two or three thousand feet deep. In South Africa it serves the purpose of discovering diamonds. If the divining rod is daubed with a paste made from dried oysters, it may be employed by divers in search of pearls. It has been likewise recommended for tracing criminals and recovering stolen goods, for finding lost cattle and for disclosing heretics.

In that curious treatise on mining printed in 1556, and translated by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover in 1912, De Re Metallica, by Agricola, several pages are devoted to the use of the divine magic rod which is there evidenced by reference to Exodus and the Odyssey. In the pamphlet on The Divining Rod published by the U. S. Geological Survey in 1917, as Water Supply Paper No. 416, in order to save the time of the Survey staff in refuting this persistent superstition, there are twenty-five pages of references to books and articles written on the subject since the time of Agricola.

And still the wonder grows. The most remarkable case I have heard of I read in the newspapers only a few weeks ago; how the body of the founder of Liége, Bishop Notger, who was buried 920 years ago, was pointed out by the Abbé Bouly by his walking around the nave of the cathedral with a witch-hazel wand in his hand. "Here is the place!" the abbé announced simply, "fifty-four feet down."

"How do you know it is a bishop's body?" inquired the skeptical.

"Simple," said the diviner and putting a bishop's ring on his finger, he made the rod squirm as before.

No excavations had been made at the time of the dispatch, but that was not necessary; for the reporter adds, "Nobody in Liége has any doubt that diggers will verify all the predictions." The gifted abbé also demonstrated his powers to the satisfaction of the good people of Liége by going through the hospital and employing his divining rod to locate the microbes in the bodies of the patients. This opens up a new and profitable field for this ancient method of sorcery. Would it not be handy in telling, in advance of operating, whether the vermiform appendix is diseased? Or whether it is really necessary to pull out *all* your teeth to cure your rheumatism? Witch-hazel branches are cheaper than X-ray machines.

But one thing still puzzles me. That is, why a skillful dowser who professes to be able to detect running water at any depth cannot tell when the water is turned on or off a water pipe a yard beneath his feet!

Peanut Politics

THE expense of acquiring the African territory of Great Britain is being partly paid for by peanuts. The peanut crop of the three colonies of Tanganyika, Nigeria and Gambia amounts to over $18,000,000 a year. This is almost all a post-war product, for the Germans had barely demonstrated the productivity of peanuts in Tanganyika when they lost it. African land is likely to prove the greatest prize in the World War; for in Africa Germany transferred to England four times her own area, and much of this territory is already highly profitable. The cotton crop of Tanganyika amounts to as much as the peanut crop; and Nigeria, which now includes a large part of the former German colony of Kamerun, is one of the colonies relied upon to make the British textile mills independent of American cotton. Gambia, where the British have had a foothold since the days of Queen Elizabeth, gets 98 per cent of its income from the raising of peanuts. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Gambia is one of the few countries in the world that has no debt.

The rise of the peanut to the rank of a world power has been rapid. Those of us who are old enough can remember when the peanut was a casual treat at circuses and fairs. Later it appeared as a competitor to butter as a spread on our bread. Then it silently displaced animal fats in soap-making and nitroglycerin. Now it's a rival to petroleum as a motor fuel in Diesel engines. What next?

Tearing o' the Greens

Continued from page 15

forward, shielding our heads with our arms and trusting to luck. Mudge was hit twice. We picked him up and carried him along until he got his bearings again.

"Most unusual," were his first words. "They were dollar balls, a thing seldom used on city courses."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I could tell by the feel of 'em," he insisted.

We had now reached a point where our golf balls had apparently stopped. After a brief search we located four. They were Platinum Kings.

"What did we drive?" asked Mudge.

"Swiftflite seconds," I replied.

"I thought so," said Mudge, Barnett and Flynn in unison as they played the Platinum Kings.

"That's My Ball!"

TWO players trotting from behind called out rudely, "Hey, did you guys play our ball?"

"Probably," replied Flynn. "What makes are you using?"

"Wimples," they replied.

"The ones we just played were Funlops," replied Flynn, with an air of finality.

"You can't get away with that stuff," roared one of the men, shaking his fist in Barnett's face.

"Listen," snapped Barnett, "and get this straight: My initials are on every ball I use. See?" He pulled three balls from his pocket. One was marked "Grace" in indelible pencil, one bore the initials "J. W. K." and the third had "Phone Columbus 4200" scrawled on it.

The accusing golfer looked them over and apologized.

"My mistake," he smiled.

During the delay Mudge had been struck again, this time over the right ear. He was quite groggy. Flynn ignored his own ball and walked over to play one that had just rolled up from behind.

"That's not your ball," I said.

"I know it," he replied. "I cut the cover of mine on that last shot. This one is as good as new."

I stood over mine and was about to try a pitch to the green when a long-nosed man scampered up and played it before I could complete my upward stroke.

"What's the idea?" I demanded, quite angry.

"I think I'll make this hole in only seven over par," he chuckled. "I was lucky to have such a good lie."

"That was my ball, you sap," I barked, showing my teeth.

"All right; sue me," he countered, rushing to the green.

Three balls presently landed directly in front of me. I put two in my pocket and was about to play the other when I saw the green was badly congested. There were three foursomes, a half dozen twosomes and a couple of singles putting on it besides six young women who were taking a lesson from the professional.

"Go ahead and shoot!" cried Mudge impatiently.

"Don't I have to wait until all players on the putting green have left?" I asked.

"Only when you're making the approach shot with a club lighter than a No. 1 midiron," he explained. "Go on and sock it."

"How about you fellows?"

"We've all shot," said Barnett.

"Did you get on the green?"

"We can't tell until we get up there and look under the bodies," replied Mudge.

The green was about 20 yards away. I chose a brassie and put everything I had behind it. It was one of the best shots of my career. It felled three men and a woman on the green, caromed off, struck a bystander in the head, bounded up in the air and was caught by a boy sitting in a tree. The boy tossed it down on to the green and four players, quarreling over the ownership of a wooden tee, kicked it into the cup! That gave me a par four for the first hole!

"You nearly missed that shot," remarked Mudge, conceding the hole.

"It only seemed so from the way I played it," I assured him.

We were obliged to skip the next hole, as the fairway was full of police reserves called to put down a free-for-all fight caused by a golfer's charge that while he was wading in a lake to recover a golf ball he had used only three seasons, some golfer stole his shoes. He had been wading an hour and a half when the theft was discovered.

We played the third, fourth and fifth holes with only a few altercations and one fist fight, but had to skip the next three because they were cluttered up with ambulances. (Author's Note: Of course, strictly speaking, we were not obliged to pass up these holes, as an ambulance in the fairway of a public golf links does not constitute a hazard. If your ball lands in or under an ambulance, you can take it out without a penalty. The difficulty is that the ambulance drivers and internes steal the balls and then try to sell them to you three for 50 cents.)

On the ninth we were heavily shelled by a threesome playing the course in the wrong direction. On the tenth fairway we ran into four players who had their families with them, including nine minor children and an Airedale. The foursome had stopped to eat a box lunch and was willing to let us through, but the Airedale was opposed to the idea. It insisted upon snapping at our ankles and leaping at the ball as we took our stance. Mudge kicked the dog in the ribs, whereupon the owner and his family attacked us all with iron clubs and invectives.

We beat a retreat to the next hole. As we reached the tee a middle-aged golfer in a very fashionable golf suit approached us and asked, "Want to buy some used balls?

"I had a very good day," he said, drawing a fistful of golf balls from his pockets. "Picked up all these and only played six holes so far."

"How much?" I asked.

"Twenty-five cents each; five for a dollar."

"I'll give you a dime each."

"Sold," he said, lighting a black cigar. "All that I want to do is to cover expenses."

"Do you play here often?" I asked.

"I'm on the rules committee," he replied, with dignity.

We played the tenth with nothing more eventful than a fight with a retired junk dealer who had taken up golf to strengthen his arches and who asked to examine Mudge's brassie and then declared it looked like the one somebody had stolen out of his bag the previous day.

Getting His Goat

WHEN we came up to the eleventh driving green we encountered another foursome. Three men had driven and the fourth—a powerful man whose golfing outfit consisted of a pair of brown knickers, a red and white striped sweater, green socks, button shoes, a wing collar and a derby hat—was addressing his ball preparatory to the drive. Mudge took out a harmonica and began playing. Flynn and Barnett broke into a very vociferous argument as to Al Smith's chances for the Democratic nomination. The man about to drive ceased waggling his club and glared at me.

"Well!" he barked.

"Well, what?" I asked.

"Are you trying to get my goat?" he demanded.

"No."

"Don't you know any better than to stand quietly without making any disturbance whatsoever when a player is about to shoot?" he asked, reddening.

"Well, sir, you see—"

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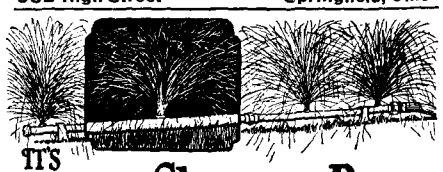

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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"I suppose you're one of them fellers what belongs to private golf clubs and don't know the etiquette of our links here," he sneered. "Well, your friends there shoulda told you. You notice they're raising a commotion like gentlemen, don't you? G'wan now and make some noise or I'll sock you in the nose. I can stand anything but silence when I'm about to drive a ball."

Not very resourceful and having no musical instrument with me, the best I could do was to yodel. It seemed to put him at ease.

"That's fine," he said as he took his stance and drove the ball 175 yards straight down the fairway.

"Thanks," he smiled, "and, young man, remember this: when you're on a municipal golf course never stand beside a tee quietly when players are on it. It shakes their nerve."

"Carry On!"

PLAYING the twelfth hole, we had to abandon Flynn. He was struck by three balls at once in the left leg, breaking it. We were willing to remain with him and discontinue play, but the plucky fellow, with the spirit of the true municipal linksman, begged us not to.

"I'm all right," he said, dragging himself off the fairway and into the shelter of some bushes. "Don't mind me. Carry on!"

On the thirteenth fairway Barnett was badly injured. A golfer with high blood pressure and a wonderful command of profanity was having a terrible time getting his ball out of a trap. He had taken eleven swings without touching it. We watched him shorten his grip and take a twelfth swipe at it. This time he hit the ball on top and drove it half a foot into the earth. In a burst of temper he swung his club around his head and hurled it across the links, not noticing that Barnett was in its path. The club head struck poor Barnett on the temple, and he fell like a poled steer.

Mudge blew his police whistle, and two policemen came out of the woods where they had been quietly sleeping. Barnett's assailant was quick with an alibi.

"I had to hit him," he insisted. "He drew a knife on me!"

By this time a great crowd had collected. To restore order the policemen arrested both the stranger and Barnett.

On the fourteenth I lost good old Mudge. We had stopped for a moment to watch a golfer in long pants make a midiron shot. In hitting the ball he dug into the ground behind it and tore up eight inches of turf. Then, without the slightest warning, he carefully picked up the turf and REPLACED IT. This was too much of a shock to Mudge, who swooned with a queer, gurgling sound. I was unable to revive him, so pinned his address on his coat, placed a "Do Not Disturb" sign against him, and decided to finish the game alone, returning for him with a wheelbarrow later.

It was not to be, however. For on the fifteenth fairway a cry of "Hey, you!" reached my ears. Looking around, I beheld an infuriated man galloping toward me, waving his club.

I waited for him. He came up panting heavily and apparently under great emotion.

"Listen," he said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Aren't you playing the wrong golf bag?" he snarled, pointing an accusing finger at the bag I had carried for years.

"Don't be a goof," I replied.

"Yes, you are," he bellowed. "You picked it up on the last tee when I wasn't looking."

I whipped out a revolver and shot him.

Prospector: "I bet I forgot to take that dynamite out of the oven!"

THE ORIGINAL

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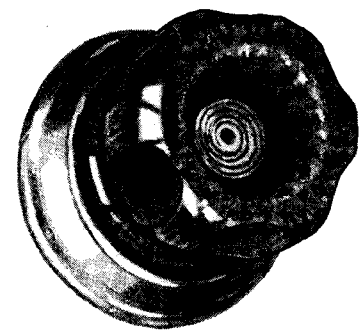

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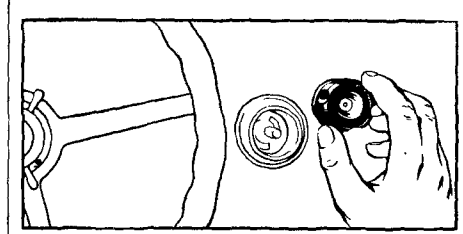

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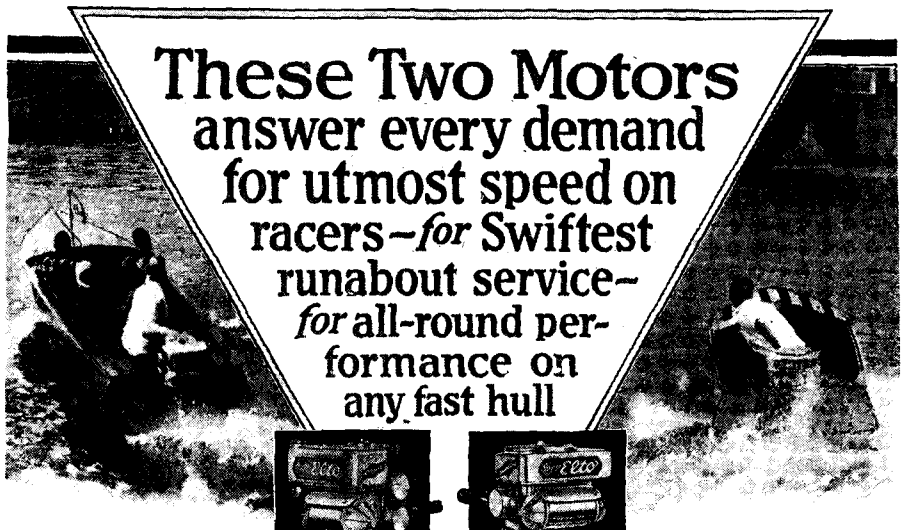

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The Sagebrush Senator

Continued from page 14

There, and not in Washington, is where he loves to be.

And there he would still be except for the fact that the Democrats of Wyoming discovered that he was the only member of their party who could carry his state. They nominated him first for the state legislature, a number of years ago. As he modestly explains, it was like the exploring expedition of Mr. Pickwick and his party which was authorized by the Pickwick Club on the condition that Mr. Pickwick should pay the expenses. Any Democrat could have been nominated for the legislature in his district if he would pay the expenses.

He was reluctant to spend the forty days away from his ranch which the legislative session entailed, and he went to the legislature only to find that in two weeks his party had drafted him as their candidate for the United States Senate.

Range-Country Campaigning

AT THAT time United States senators were still being elected by the state legislatures. That brought him into contest with Francis E. Warren, the Republican senator from Wyoming from time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Mr. Warren is another pioneer of Wyoming who has lived there ever since Wyoming was a part of the territory of Dakota and who is spoken of as the greatest shepherd since Abraham. His flocks graze over an area bigger than some of the Eastern states on the border land between Wyoming and Colorado.

Mr. Kendrick was beaten in the legislature, but this contest for the senatorship made him governor of Wyoming in 1914. And two years later he was elected United States senator by popular vote, and in 1922 he was reëlected to the same office.

In one of these campaigns he made his first speech. Let him tell the story of it himself, for he gives a picture of what campaigning is like out in the cattle-range country.

"I traveled three days from Cheyenne," he relates, "mostly by train, with a friend, to Jackson, where I was billed to speak. The campaign committee had told me that I ought to go out and meet the voters. Meeting them, I said, would be a pleasure; talking to them might result in disaster.

"We made the last lap of our journey in an open mail wagon over the Teton Mountains. The narrow road was deep with mud and soft snow. Most of the time we walked, and often we had to pry the wagon out of chuck holes. As I thought of the speech, my spirits sank. We stopped in the post office of a little town, and there I saw a poster referring to me as an orator of unusual power. I felt angry and faint at the same time.

"At last we came to the banks of the Snake River, one of the swiftest and most dangerous streams in North America. It was booming that day and filled with ice and snow. Our driver was a boy. My friend and I sat in the back seat, our overcoats soaked with rain and our shoes caked with mud. We were wretchedly miserable, and my memory of that poster didn't add to my happiness.

"The ponies started across reluctantly. The water came almost over their backs. Then they decided to turn back. Had they cramped the wagon and upset us in midstream, soaked as we were, we would have sunk to the bottom like lead. I saw our danger, but when I thought of that circular in the post office I was almost tempted to let it happen. But I grasped the lines, and after a one-sided conversation between the horses and me they changed their minds. That night my friend and I addressed the electorate. Since then my speaking tours have always begun in Jackson."

He rarely talks in the Senate, but he talks easily and well, without any attempt at oratory, in the simple conversational way of a man who is not trying to call attention to himself but merely to convey information or to express an opinion. He never talks for the Congressional Record, merely to get something into print to send under frank to his constituents and show them what a wonderful representative they have in Washington. He once spoke for forty minutes, but that was on Boulder Dam, a subject that greatly interests him, for it involves the question of water rights for irrigation purposes.

In his own state of Wyoming several of the greatest rivers of the West rise, but it may some day find itself without water for irrigation because the more rapidly developing states farther down the stream will have obtained priority rights to the use of their waters.

That breaking of his usual silence when Boulder Dam was up for discussion was characteristic. The question of water rights is one of his specialties. When he came to the Senate he perceived that senators were specialists, and he chose for himself the subject on which his experience as a Westerner and a cattleman made him an authority. He is a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, on Appropriations, on Indian Affairs, on Irrigation and Reclamation and on Public Lands and Surveys.

On these committees he is a hard worker, for he realizes that the real business of the Senate is done in committee. He cares nothing for the reputation that is to be gained on the floor, for headlines in the newspapers, or the petty forensic triumphs from which fame is won.

One reason for this indifference is that he is never troubled by that consideration which occupies the minds of most senators, the question of the political effect of what he is doing or saying. He never asks himself whether he is being sufficiently advertised so that some rival may not rise and get his job away from him. The reason is that his real ambition is not public life. His heart is in the cattle ranch. It would be no punishment to him to go back to it. The social life of Washington, which exercises such a fascination upon many men, has no hold upon him.

Another reason why he is indifferent to public acclaim, and does nothing to advertise himself, is that there is not another man in Washington who thinks less about himself than he does. A light upon this phase of his character is shed by something he told me of his practice in raising cattle. "In the old days," he said, "it used to be the custom to turn the animals out and let them shift for themselves, leaving those to die that might. I thought that inhuman. I always said that a man should spend as much money as a cow was worth to save her life. And I always did it. There was probably more money to be made the other way. But I just couldn't do it that way." He loved his business too much to permit any practice in it of which he was ashamed.

Never Cared for Money

HE LOVED it more than he loved the money to be made out of it. That story which I told of his saving every dollar that he earned, of his staying away from town on a lonely ranch for four and a half years to accumulate capital and buy cattle sounds a little like the familiar story of a Rockefeller. But he said to me, "I never cared for money and never thought primarily of making it." And when he said this I believed him, for he is the kind of man whom you implicitly believe when he talks about himself. He really cares so little about himself that he can tell the exact truth. Of very few men is that true. Most men try to impress you, try to make you think that they

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are something more than they are, or they try to conceal from you something which they do not wish to have known.

Still, with all that instinct for preferring his job to himself—to his own life, as I have told—and his business to the money to be made out of it, he is very practical. He showed it when he was a young man and was offered the position of ranch foreman at the large salary, for those days in the wilds, of $1,200, on the condition that he sell his own cattle. He refused the job and clung to the cattle. In the end his indispensability was so great that he received the job and permission to be at the same time a cattle owner himself.

Also he was able to see that the days of free grazing on public lands would come to an end, and he early began investing in land. Now he is one of the great land owners of Wyoming. Over his ranges graze 10,000 head of cattle.

Most of the cattlemen went broke in the depression that followed the close of the World War. Kendrick had seen what the others did not see: that the high prices of the war period would not last. So he sold all his marketable animals in 1919 at a good profit before the crash came. Some of those who did not now run "dude ranches," making their profits out of "dude wrangling," as the cowboys call entertaining tourists.

So he is not only a great farmer bu that rare thing in these times, a su

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ception which few have in Washington.

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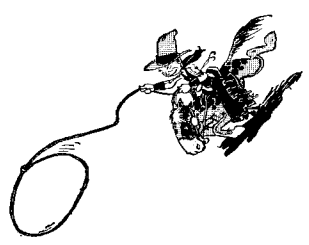

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Managing Editor

Legal Tender

DON'T let anybody confuse you by trick exposures of the campaign expenditures of Presidential candidates.

In all the entertaining realm of politics nothing is more childishly insincere than the sham abhorrence which greets the announcement that a political campaign actually costs money.

If a candidate spends anything for printing or stenographers or buys any stamps, some leather-lunged Pharisee is always ready to yell "Stop, Crook!" in pretended horror at what he calls the debauchery of us, the electorate.

Already we have heard a lot of this sort of noise from the Senate Committee of Washington. It is high time we got down to basic facts if we desire either to defend our own interests or to discriminate reasonably between candidates.

What may a man who wants to be President properly spend to attract attention to his candidacy?

Nothing? Or ten million dollars?

Well, hardly either extreme. Everybody will admit that some expenditures can be honorably made but most people agree that extravagance should be avoided.

Nobody should be allowed to try to ride into the White House on a flood of gold. Mere prodigality is wrong and, other things being equal, the extravagant candidate will lose.

But certain expenditures are obviously right and if a candidate or his friends have spirit, these expenditures will be made.

For example, an aspirant to the Presidency is entitled to have an organization and headquarters and branch organizations in the various states. He is also entitled to advertise his candidacy.

Rent, telephone, stenography, printing, postage are all proper and often necessary if we are to have the opportunity to know the candidates.

The only limit to such expenditures is moderation. Secretary Hoover's manager thought that $250,000 was a modest sum. Properly expended it is.

A candidate can make only a very modest campaign in a single state for $25,000. Travel costs money. So does the privilege of talking over the radio or hiring a hall.

Primary campaigns in ten states would easily cost $250,000 and the money might be wisely spent.

On the other hand there are purposes for which any expenditure, no matter how small, is wrong.

Political work—that is, speech making and calling on voters—ought not to be paid for. Money ought not to be given the strange agents who profess their ability to influence solid blocks of voters. Money ought not to be paid the press except for advertising at published rates.

If it's a campaign expense, it's crooked—according to the opposition

Everyone fit to be considered for office knows the line between honest expenditures and improper attempts to win favor. Money paid a delegate to a national convention is emphatically improper. Such a gift, inadvertently made, probably cost ex-Governor Lowden the nomination eight years ago. His 1928 campaign was utterly restrained.

Because the public rightly disapproves of bribery and extravagance, sophisticated politicians try to make us think that any expenditure by the opposition is wrong.

Nonsense. Up to this writing the expenditures of all the candidates have been modest and reasonable. The hue and cry over Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith has been cheap and insincere.

There are reasons enough to justify your choice between the candidates without imputing to them offenses of which they are not guilty.

It costs money to run for the Presidency, or to buy a lunch, and within moderation one expenditure is as decent and as necessary as the other.

Noguchi

HIDEYO NOGUCHI died not long ago at Accra, on the Gold Coast of Africa, from yellow fever. He caught the disease while studying it in its wickedest form in one of the world's few remaining pest holes.

This eager little brown man, sometimes working twenty-four hours a day, had already helped wipe out yellow fever almost completely in the Americas. He had found new ways to treat or prevent rabies, infantile paralysis and one other terrible blood disease. He had made discoveries which may enable physicians to stop people from going blind with trachoma. He was an international citizen, a benefactor of the human race.

When the world seems full of hate, think of Noguchi. His life and death are proof that despite these things the brotherhood of man is on the march.

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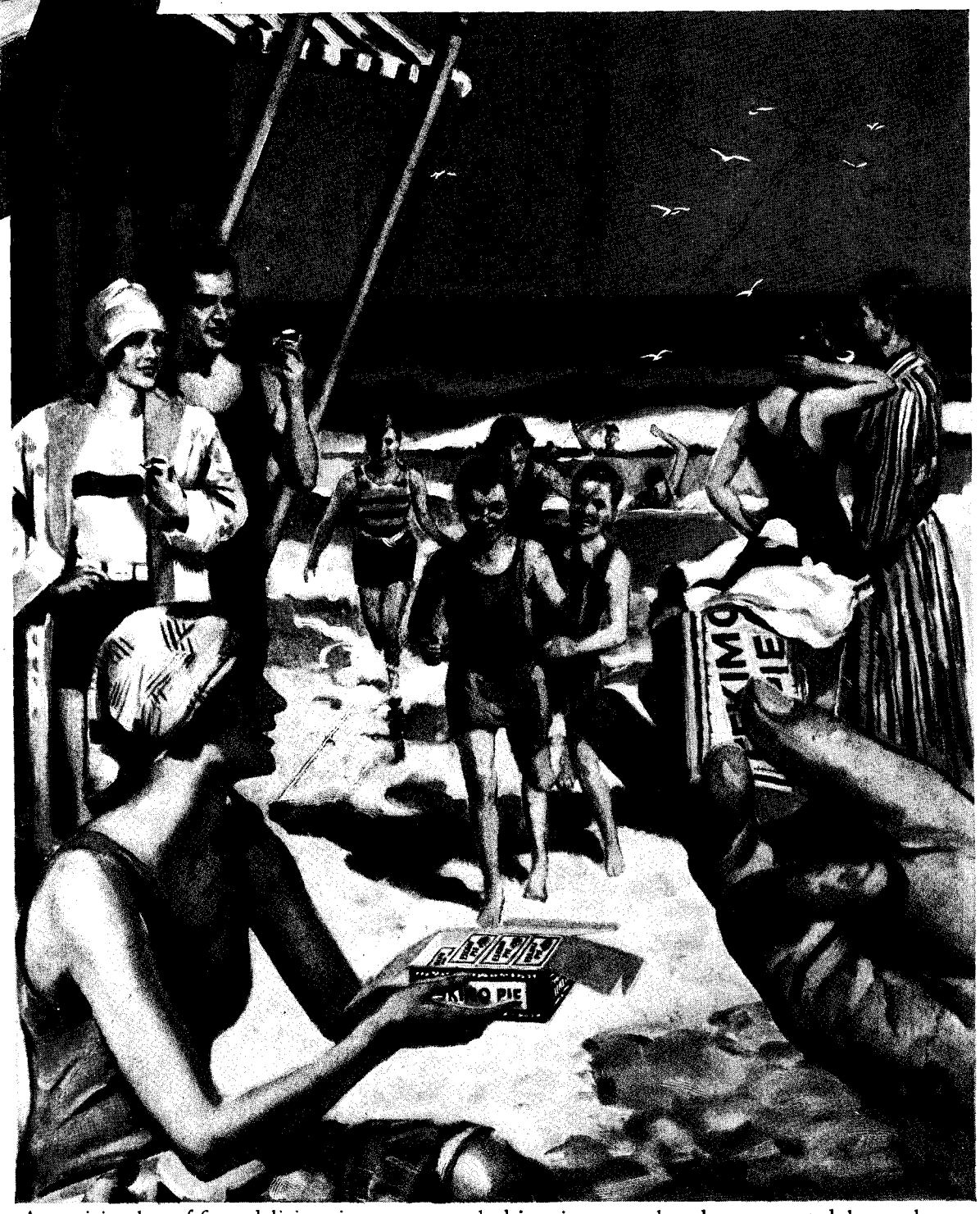
Swim for shore—it's Eskimo Pie time!



Full speed ahead . . . there's no time to lose—when boys and girls catch sight of Eskimo Pie! They know the magic flavor that's waiting inside that shining silvery wrapper.

Rich, wholesome ice cream enrobed in crisp pure chocolate . . . two favorite treats combined in a way that entices young and old alike.

Cool! Refreshing! Full of nutritious, health-building elements. No wonder so many mothers have adopted the custom of giving children Eskimo Pie every day.

It's natural, too, that men and women buy Eskimo Pie when they want an afternoon "bracer." It restores energy—yet never taxes digestion. Ask for Eskimo Pie at your nearest drug store or confectioner's.

WARNING

All good things are imitated. The Genuine is always the best. Refuse a substitute when you ask for Eskimo Pie. Unless the wrapper bears this name and trademark, it is not Eskimo Pie.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, protected by a gleaming, sanitary foil wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie.*
Obtainable throughout the United States, Canada, and in many foreign countries.

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for full information.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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BUY THEM BY THE BOX—SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

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Your face wants to know

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

—LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

EVERY man thinks he's found the one and only "world's best" for shaving. You may be using soap in one form or another. The Barbasol user is *positive* that Barbasol gives a *faster, cleaner, smoother, cooler* shave . . . and he can *prove* it!

Who's right about it? Your face wants to know. Then why not—Let your face decide!

Make the Shaving Test

Apply your shaving soap just the way you use it every day—hot water, brush, rub-in, hot towels, more soap, more brush, more lathering, give Soap & Co. all the breaks—*but only on one-half of your face!*

Now wet down *the other side* of your face—with hot water or cold, only so it's wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

—Wash the face {and leave it wet}
—Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}
—Shave!

Your face will decide for Barbasol. Because Barbasol shaves easier, cleaner, closer, faster. Barbasol shaves last longer because Barbasol is 100% beard softener: no air bubbles. Barbasol leaves that fresh, cool soft feeling because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin.

FACE DECIDE

Now for Your Vacation

Why pack around mugs, wet brushes, or other paraphernalia? Take a handy tube of Barbasol and the good old trusty blade for camping, touring, yachting, fishing or that swell new golf resort. Barbasol protects, relieves, from sunburn, windburn, chap.

And here's something New! Barbasol Skin Freshener, a great pick-up for the tired skin. Use it after shaving, after bathing, any time. Let your face know Barbasol! Big tube of Barbasol 35c and 65c. Barbasol Skin Freshener, 65c. All druggists.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

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